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SHE FOUND HIM OUT.

HOW A SPORTING GENTLEMAN WITH A CONFIDING WIFE AND AN ADMIRATION FOR THE BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA, WAS INDUCED TO STAY HOME AT NIGHT AND LET HIS WIFE DO THE THEATRE-GOING—NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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STAGE WHISPERS.

In the next issue of the "POLICE GAZETTE," No. 240, we shall add to the brilliant features of our journal a department of the drama, giving the public unbiased and truthful expressions of critical opinion on plays, the spicy gossip of the green-rooms, and the latest rumors of scandal going the rounds of the profession. For the true inwardness of dramatic things, watch it.

PLENTY of fight talk, but nary fight since our last.

THE POLICE GAZETTE may be a little naughty, but it's very nice.

THE only rites of the Indians seem to be the osculatory rites administered by the missionaries.

SOME little thieves go to State Prison, but the big ones go to watering places and start hotels.

BISHOP HARE is called a scorpion by missionary Hinman. Correct; for there's a sting in his tale.

AN actress need not be chased to have a long run. Between Virtue and Vice, indeed, it's quite vice versa.

THE Boston police have given up the last murder case as "one of the things that no fellow can find out."

PHILADELPHIA critics think Anna Dickinson has a good understanding of Hamlet. Another triumph for the leg drama.

THE lament of the Indian maids is heard in the land. "Give us back our missionary that he may teach us to pray"—et cetera.

NOW the shooting begins. Jesse James is dead and relatives and friends are laying for his murderers with their little pistols.

"SCARLET HOUSE," the loose Indian maid, says that missionary didn't; and surely she ought to know what went on in her tepee.

A THRILLING question for William Horace, propounded from London to New York: "Divorcons?" And echo answers "Bigamy."

OLD John Duff, the real manager of Daly's Theatre, used to sell oysters and clams. He hasn't got over it yet; and he's a shell-fish sort of an old juss anyhow.

WHY doesn't Ned Harrigan sit down on his awful dad? The way that funny old man runs things in front of the house, is too Comique for a high-class theatre.

THE papers are filling up with advertisements of prophets who want to give you "sure tip" for the spring races. Look out—they'll not only "tip," they'll tumble you.

BUNNELL needn't boast of his tattooed woman. We've had such creatures on the stage before. Most of the female variety fakes are tattooed by the lover's boot-heels, only you can't see it.

THE New York managers raked in \$30,000 and over by the benefits for the Actor's Fund. Why the interest on that sum is sufficient to pay half the seraglio of each. Lucky managers! Foolish public!

MISS ANNA DICKINSON has had the bad taste to tell Manager Goodwin, of Philadelphia, that she never reads the POLICE GAZETTE because she has an idea that the editor is a "tough." We say no, Miss, no, to this misnomer.

THE "sucker" fishery is going to be very extensive at Coney Island this season. The beer will have a bigger collar than ever, the hotel-keepers will put an extra ten cents on every move you make on the beach, and the waiter will not see you at all for less than fifty cents in silver—no mutilated coins taken.

YOU'LL find the POLICE GAZETTE this week not too loud, but just loud enough. We're talking; and when we talk we don't whisper.

WE'LL buckle to, next week, and give the actors and managers a taste of genuine criticism with the taffy left out. We'll spoil some of the pretty faces they put on, you just wager.

"WHERE, O where are the Hebrew children?" Why make the hymnal inquiry any longer, since it has been settled that they have found their promised land in Jack Haverly's theatres and located there?

ALL the pugilists who are challenging the champion at a great distance, claim that there is "good stuff in them." That's probably the reason they don't want to risk having Sullivan knock it out of them.

A ST. LOUIS editor says, after you've seen Mary Anderson play a leg part once, the romance of the old woman who lived in a shoe doesn't seem such a ridiculous impossibility after all. But should Mary kick?

THE Hillsdale crew of Michigan oarsman, whose portraits we present in this issue, are worthy specimens of the athletic young men of America, and we are proud of them as national representatives across the water.

BEECHER breathes freer. The Chinese bill has been killed and he can still get his washing free. What with the whitewashing of the deacons, and the laundrying of the Mongols, he should be one of the cleanest old men in the pulpit.

HURRAH! the "hamfatters" have taken to murdering each other. Their slaughter house is a variety theatre in Denver, Col. Some of Tony Pastor's, Harry Miner's and the San Francisco's companies should secure "openings" there promptly.

As far as their experience goes, Englishmen find that they can do nothing with Americans but lock them up in jail. Dr. Lamson seems to have "got the hang" of things over there, however, and he may break the charm by going to the scaffold or the madhouse.

A NEW YORK theatre manager—one who presides over the finest temple of the drama in the metropolis, runs a bagnio as well, if rumor is to be credited. Big head. He uses it as a preserve for the training of artistes for his stage. Oh! the refinement of art.

THE devil is in the women. Here's one comes three thousand miles across the big pond to join her husband and elopes with another man the moment she sets foot on land, abandoning her two children in the streets. And she wasn't any gushing young thing, either.

SARAH BERNHARDT has at last found a father for her sixteen year old son. A hurried marriage service was performed between her and a brave Greek in London, on the 4th inst. Very appropriately in her case it was a skeleton service, and there was a great scandal and "rattling of dry bones" over the event.

AN old fellow of Chicago named John McAuley—he must have been a sweet scented geranium—got himself in a box the other day marked "rare flowers" and skipped to Philadelphia. He was detected when he got half way and lodged in jail. If this isn't discouraging commerce and the arts, what is it?

A FAVORITE American actress who makes the trip to Europe every summer, is remarked by the captains for her taste in husbands. She takes a new one across every time and returns with a fresh spouse the next trip. Strangely enough when she's ashore, she denies she's married. She's "all at sea" in her matrimonial relations.

THE Philadelphia woman who ruined the beauty of the young girl who lived next door by showering vitriol on her from a second story window, says she intended the baptism for her husband whom she had looked out. A tiny golden carboy of vitriol will probably be included in every Philadelphia bride's trousseau hereafter.

WE'VE hit it at last. The parsons didn't begin their pranks with the good sisters until they were made aware of the world's wickedness by inspecting that collection of vile French pictures seized by the agents of morality and presented for their inspection. Poor parsons! While preserving the morals of other people they have sacrificed their own. That's always the way!

THE western parsons have been attributing the burning of the Mississippi steamer Golden City and the burning of a score of people, to the fact that a circus company was on board and Sunday passed without the captain calling the crew to prayers. We don't believe the Deity is so blood-thirsty and cruel as he is painted by these parsons, and we are all the more skeptical on this point because of the well-known fact that the prime quality of saint burns as well nowadays as the lowest grade of thoroughly tarred sinner.

THE stakeholder in a fight nowadays is in a quandary. To this question "Who is going to win?" he gets the reply, "Guess if you can and decide if you dare." We are the party who dared without guessing.

OSCAR WILDE as a three sheet poster was not a success. "Patience," the opera of which he was the physical advertisement "petered out" shortly after he tried to boom it. Oscar hasn't legs enough to lead a "run."

AND still the frisky parson emulates the butterfly and flits from flower to flower, and the flowers seem to like it, and the infantile population is improved in moral tone. There is great hope for the new generation, for it will be a generation of parsons, in a measure.

WITH all their faults we must admire the cowboys. They kill lawyers for fun. If they didn't what would become of us, with the colleges letting loose fresh swarms every spring? Why they would eat the country up with costs of their suits for alms and their bills of expenses in pursuing us as mendicants. The cowboys should be encouraged as a class.

WE hear of express and railroad companies in the west offering rewards for the slaughter of road agents. By what authority do these corporations authorize murder? If this is right in the west it is equally right in the east, and we shall doubtless soon hear Vanderbilt offering fabulous sums for the wiping out of his rivals or Cyrus W. Field advertising for the slaughter of Hendrix.

IF the man who blew up the Andre monument is wise he will not travel on the elevated road. Cyrus will get up an accident for him especially. Cyrus goes to church, you know, and like such people is on such intimate terms with the Deity, that he can take the liberty of laying the blame of any murder on Him. Look out for the man whose eyes roll up in prayer. He'll get the bulge on you sure.

THE Boston Goliath still breathes his defiance to the New York David, offering to let him have a whack with his little sling while he arms himself with only a stuffed club. And still David declines to come to the front. The biblical record may be all right, but the prize-fights in those old times couldn't have been conducted on the Marquis of Queensbury rules, for the modern David seems to have lost his faith in miracles, and Goliath has had a dead sure thing every time.

THE snobs who in their anxiety to appear like British aristocrats, have been riding over the ploughed fields on Long Island rigged out in red coats, mounted on bob tailed horses and chasing a pack of howling curs, have been brought up with a round turn by the farmers combining and threatening to shoot the trespassers. Good! Let the farmers hunt them. They have a right to rid their farms of foreign vermin; let it come in what form it may.

EUROPEAN travel has begun to refine our people's little too much. The snobs who make the fashion in Washington have set the rule everybody must rise when President Arthur is present, and no one must sit in his presence without his permission. Why not kneel when "Chet" rolls royally in? Let's bolt the imperial pill at once if we are to adopt the manners of "Yurrupe." Really, the airs of these unclean politicians and thieving contractors who call themselves the "aristocracy" are sickening.

FRANK MAYO is an actor who was born with a cold in his head. He found a part in *Davy Crockett*, which required the nasal *obligato* which nature had provided for his voice, and he made a great success. He made a fortune and wasn't satisfied. He wanted to play the "legitimate." He has tried it this season and lost half his "nest egg." The people wouldn't take kindly to Hamlet with his nose plugged. Oh, blow it, Mayo, if you will play through the nose you can't complain if you "pay through the nose."

THE other night, while the congregation was gathering for a prayer meeting in the colored Baptist church, at Linden, N. J. Sam Halsey, the sexton, fell into the baptismal tank, which contained several hogheads of water, and was nearly drowned before he could be fished out, all the congregation taking part in the rescue. When he got out he took to his heels and made for home. He says his resignation's ready. He doesn't want to take the water route to heaven and he rather thinks he'd prefer to join the Methodist caravan that keeps to the dry land.

AT last the dashing guerilla and murder-crowned bandit, Jesse James, has been sent to his last account. It is impossible to sympathize with the dastard and sneak who could play the part of a friend to him in order to get an opportunity to shoot him from behind while a guest in his house. Beside such detective (I work as this the deeds of the bloody road agent assume the glamor of glory and the radiance of chivalry. To the authorities a word. The death of one robber is of no account when to accomplish it you have to develop half a dozen men into cowardly assassins.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

THE ladies are all very partial to marry Gold.

WHAT is good to keep old maids from despairing? Pairing.

THEY were twins. The parents christened one Kate and the other Dapli-Kate.

"Do you play poker, Mrs. Schenkwaes?" "I do; I play it on my old man's head sometimes."

SUM LIP, a Chinaman, was arrested in New York. From his name it is supposed he was a book agent.

ON seeing a house being whitewashed a small boy of three wanted to know if the house was going to be shaved.

BEFORE the wedding-day she was dear and he was her treasure; but afterward she became dearer and he treasurer.

AT the polls, recently, it was easy to tell the man who voted "yes" on the license question by the appearance of his "no's."

"THAT fellow is just like a telescope," said a dashing New York girl. "You can draw him out and look through him, and shut him up again."

JONES thinks the man is fortunate who has his will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he wedded Mrs. J.

YOU are right in objecting to the principle that the bull-dog is entitled to the whole of the sidewalk, but if he wants it, you'd better let him have it.

A MAN gathering mushrooms was told that they were poisonous. "Thank you," he replied, "I am not going to eat them myself; I sell them at the hotel."

"WHAT is the action of disinfectants?" was asked of a medical student. "They smell so badly that people open the door and fresh air gets in," was the reply.

"WHAT is the name of your cat, sir?" inquired a visitor. "His name was William," said the host. "until he had fits, and since then we have called him Fitz-william."

"You wouldn't take a man's last cent for a cigar, would you?" "Certainly I would," remarked the proprietor. "Well, here it is, then," passing over a cent, "give me a cigar."

THOMAS HOOD, driving in the country one day, observed a notice beside a fence "Beware the dog." There not being any signs of a dog, Hood wrote on the board, "Ware the dog?"

AN ugly tramp tried to kiss a Chicago belle the other day, but she had the presence of mind to raise her foot, and while he was hunting a ladder to climb over it she struck the fire-alarm.

Let us never waste a day.
Let us always forward be,
Or some other duck will take
Myrtle to the matinee.

HE was sitting in the parlor with her when a rooster crowed in the yard, and leaning over he said, "Chanticleer." "I wish you would," she replied; "I'm as sleepy as I can be." He cleared.

"PA," asked Fogg's hopeful the other evening "what kind of a comb do they use to curry chickens with?" "Coxcombs," responded Fogg, promptly. Fogg says he believes in always answering a child when you can.

AN American traveller, in Galway, saw a pig in a peasant's house, and he said, "Why do you have this pig in here?" "Shure," said he of Galway, "the house has all the conveniences that a reasonable pig requires."

"DON'T go chopping away at the branches," said an old woodman to his son. "Lay your ax at the root of the tree." And like a dutiful boy he did as he was told. He laid the ax at the root of the tree, and then went off for a day's fishing.

A GENTLEMAN was talking about a popular judge to Sergeant Ballantine. "He is a very good fellow for he never says a word against anyone," observed the gentleman. "It would be surprising if he did," replied the sergeant; "for he never talks of anyone but himself."

THE world is not all sadness.
With bitter comes the sweet;
Your girl may not be handsome,
Your wife may have cold feet.
But ever comes the knowledge
That years of earnest work
May some day make you able
To bluff a hotel clerk.

"I WISH to ask the court," said a facetious barrister, who had been called to testify as an expert. "If I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?" "Yes, yes, certainly," replied the mild mannered judge; "give it for what it is worth."

A HARTFORD man went to a lawyer for advice. After receiving the retaining fee the lawyer said: "State your case." "Well, sir," replied the client, "a man told me to go to h—, and I want your advice." The attorney took down a volume of the Connecticut statutes, and after turning over a few leaves, answered: "Don't you do it; the law don't compel you."

HERE lies a man whose crown was won
By blowing in an empty gun.
No sooner in the gun he blew
Than up the golden stairs he flew,
And met the girl on heaven's green,
Who lit the fire with kerosene.
He also saw, astride a stool,
The man who tampered with a mule.
He also saw—'twas mighty sore—
The man who whistled "Pinafore."
And further on a miner cove
Who thawed his powder in the stove.

DURING the recent flood in Arkansas a farmer got his family and effects in a flat boat and sailed around for a number of days after the style of Noah. Finally, having no dove on board, he strapped a demijohn on his son's back and sent him on a mission of discovery. When the boy returned with the demijohn full they knew that the waters were subsiding and that the cross roads tavern was still safe.

Lives of the Poisoners.

HOW THEY KILLED AND WHAT THEY KILLED WITH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

CHAPTER XXI.

LAROS, THE FAMILY POISONER.

Pennsylvania has the reputation of dealing sternly with capital crime, but there has been a singular remissness in the proper disposition of Allen C. Laros, of Northampton county, who fatally poisoned three persons, his father, mother and an old man. Lately information has been received that the murderer has married a woman in one of the Southern States, but this intelligence has led to no search for the fugitive and probably never will.

Laros deposited, over four ounces of arsenic in a coffee pot from which on the evening of May 31, 1876, his father, mother, several brothers and sisters and Moses Schug, aged sixty-two years, drank. All who partook of the poisoned coffee were seized with violent pains while eating their supper and within the next two days the parents of Laros and Schug died. The others recovered because they had taken a smaller quantity of the arsenic. The alleged murderer feigned illness, claiming that he, too, had drunk some of the coffee, which was untrue.

Soon after the death of the three old people it was discovered that several hundred dollars belonging to the elder Laros and Schug had mysteriously disappeared. Young Laros began to be suspected of the murder and robbery and four days from the time he had placed the arsenic in the coffee he was arrested and imprisoned mainly on the strength of his own admission of guilt.

He had at first protested his innocence but when closely pressed for the truth he confessed that he had committed the murder and gave several persons information by which they found the money which he had stolen and buried in a yard a short distance from the residence of his parents. The murder had its inspiration in a greed for money, which the young man proposed to apply in acquiring a more thorough knowledge of the law which he was studying when not engaged in teaching school in the vicinity.

Laros' incarceration was followed by apparent epileptic fits which increased in severity and duration. An impression prevailing in the community that the attacks were feigned, several trying tests were made to arrive at his true condition. Hot iron and melted sealing wax were applied to tender parts of his body seemingly without producing the least sensation and a thumb nail was several times drawn across the pupil of his eye without causing any motion of the eyeball. The physician who applied these tests was positive that Laros was not feigning epilepsy and the murderer's counsel determined, as a result of the examination, to put in a plea of epileptic insanity at the trial.

The Commonwealth showed by the testimony of two physicians who had an experience of over thirty years in the treatment of epileptic cases that the symptoms exhibited by Laros were unnatural and one of them gave it as his opinion that a man in the shadow of the gallows could go through the ordeal to which the murderer was subjected without flinching, provided it had a tendency to save him from the impending fate. The trial lasted fifteen days but the jury rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree in three hours.

Shortly after the death sentence had been pronounced Gov. Hartranft designated the 13th of January, 1877, as the day for the hanging of the murderer. An appeal to the Supreme Court prevented the death warrant from being executed, but that tribunal having sustained the judgment of the Northampton county court, the Governor issued another warrant fixing the hanging on September 10, 1877.

The execution, however, did not take place owing to the fact that a commission appointed by the court to examine into his mental condition decided that he was not a fit subject for the gallows, by reason of mental imbecility. This decision was followed by the removal of Laros to the State Lunatic Hospital near Philadelphia. His conduct while at the institution was so inconsistent with a diseased mind that Dr. Carwen, then superintendent, who had testified for the Commonwealth at the trial of the murderer, became more fully convinced than ever that Laros was thoroughly sane.

The murderer soon tired of the hospital restraints and escaped, only to be recaptured before he had gone far and taken back. About three years ago he was more successful, having reached the State of Arkansas before his whereabouts were known. The State Lunatic Hospital authorities had given up all idea of securing the fugitive, when intelligence came to them that Laros, after detailing the circumstances of his crime in Arkansas, had indicated a desire to be returned to Pennsylvania for the purpose of enabling him to atone for the murder he had committed by hanging. He was accordingly brought back to that State,

but instead of being executed was again placed in the Lunatic Hospital. Early in 1881 he made his third escape and no particular effort to apprehend him was made. At present writing he is still at large.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LOZENGES OF DEATH.

On the 1st of May, 1878, Josephine Lagrone and her sister, Bertina Lagrone, was tried in the Milan assizes, Italy, upon charges of murder and larceny. The public prosecutor, after the jury had been impaneled, spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary criminal case. We shall prove to you that these two handsome prisoners are monsters of cruelty; that they enticed wealthy men into their house; that they caused them to gamble there; that they administered to them a terrible new poison which utterly prostrated their nervous systems; that they robbed their victims and then mercilessly put them out of the house in the most pitiful condition, causing in this manner the death of at least one person and utterly ruining the health of many others. The police of this city deserve the most severe censure for not discovering months already prior to the arrest of these two sisters the horrors and crimes which they were committing within a hundred yards of the cathedral, and then we are indebted to a French detective for throwing light on the previous career of these infamous creatures."

The prosecutor then called Giovanni Aldobrandi to the witness stand. A side door opened and a young man presenting a truly pitiable appearance was led in by two court officers. His face was ghastly pale. His eyes were sunken and restless. All his limbs were constantly trembling and it was evident that but for the support of the two officers he would have fallen to the ground. He spoke as follows, in a husky, trembling voice:

"Last March Luigi Gonfredo and I arrived in this city from Venice. Both of us had considerable sums of money on our persons. On the second evening after our arrival we took a walk. Near the cathedral we were met by two elegantly dressed women. They asked us if we would like to drink some wine with them. We went with them. I identify them positively as the two prisoners. At their house they took us into a rear building fitted up in the most sumptuous style. We took a number of bottles of wine with them. Gonfredo became intoxicated. The elder woman then said:

"Let me give you a lozenge that will make you sober in a minute."

"She gave him a lozenge from a casket which she drew out of her bosom. He munched it and suddenly began to act like a madman. The sisters screamed out:

"He has the delirium tremens; he will bring the police here. They will arrest all of us."

"The elder sister added: 'I will take him to the front door and let him out.'

"She let him out. I remained because I was enamored of the younger sister. She asked me to play cards with her. In a few minutes she won several hundred lire from me. Her sister re-entered the room. 'Heavens!' she exclaimed, 'I got him out of the house at last. Has he been drinking so hard?' I answered in the affirmative. Then she said: 'Signor, to satisfy you that my lozenges will make sober a man who has been drinking to excess try one of them yourself. It will do you good.'

"I took it and a minute later I experienced the most horrible sensations. Every nerve in my body seemed to be unstrung and to throb in the most painful manner. This sensation became every moment more excruciating. My brain began to reel. Still I did not become altogether unconscious. I heard them whisper:

"He has got enough."

"Then the elder sister searched me. She took all my money from my pocket. I was unable to move. After robbing me they dragged me to the front door and pushed me out. I fell over the inanimate form of a prostrate man. The cool night air slightly revived me. I recognized in that inanimate form my poor friend Gonfredo. Then I lost consciousness."

The next witness was a policeman who found the remains of Gonfredo and the still breathing form of Aldobrandi. He caused the former to be conveyed to the dead house of the Misericordia Hospital where Aldobrandi was also received and treated by Dr. Segurino, who said that he had at first believed that Aldobrandi was suffering from delirium tremens. For four days the patient had been at the point of death.

As a last remedy a pint of the strongest brandy had been administered to him, when he had revived and two days later he had told substantially the same story as on the witness stand. The doctor had communicated Aldobrandi's statement to the chief of police, who took him to the house of the Legrone sisters, whom he arrested. The house was searched and the officers found a square tin box two-thirds full of lozenges. These lozenges were sent for examination to toxicologists who concurred in the opinion that they consisted principally of opium and another unknown poison, but what that poison was they were unable to say.

And now comes the most terrible sensation of this strange trial. The presiding judge whispered a few words to a court officer and two minutes later an open coffin was carried into the court room. In that coffin lay the em-

balmed corpse of a young man. The presiding judge recalled the witness Aldobrandi and then ordered the corpse in the coffin to be raised.

Upon beholding it the Legrone sisters burst into screams of terror. Aldobrandi identified the corpse as that of his poor friend Gonfredo. By this time the audience was in a state of intense excitement, which was still further increased by the appearance on the witness stand of M. Alexandre Frustre, a French detective. M. Frustre, to the consternation of the prisoners, gave the following evidence:

"I know the prisoners; in 1866 they lived in Paris, where they called themselves Cabozin; they kept a fashionable gambling house at 41 Rue de la Paix; they belonged to the highest class of the demi-monde. Many rich young men visited their place. One night the young Vicomte Lauri-Saint Briac was found dead under similar circumstances as Gonfredo; I discovered that they were the daughters of a shoemaker now serving a life sentence for murder at Cayenne; Suddenly M. Pietri, the prefect of police, ordered me to discontinue the investigation and he caused the two women to be released."

The prisoners were again questioned by the presiding judge but they refused to give any answer. The jury found them guilty and the court sentenced them to penal servitude for life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMPHITRITE'S STRATAGEM.

The Artful Trick by Which a Natorial Damsel Won the Stakes in a Boat Race.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young girl who is a famous swimmer, and who has won several swimming matches in the East River, New York, against the heaviest tides that prevail around Hell Gate, has a sporting tendency and bets her money on aquatic affairs with an eye to the main chance that would be worthy of an old hand. She has been a feature of the seaboard cities of the south for several winter seasons. She travels in the company of a shrewd and sociable gambler, who is supposed to put up his "rackets" with her artful aid. The couple have been long suspected but it has been impossible to obtain any evidence of their crookedness. At Savannah lately, they were caught, however.

They have in their company an emaciated boyish-looking chap whom they call an oarsman, and who can indeed, handle the oars quite skillfully and sit in a shell with grace. They call him a champion and court matches with the best oarsmen of the places they visit. Their man in his training spins is coached by the natorial damsel who swims about his boat with the grace and ease of a mermaid. On the day of a match race recently at Savannah, she braved the cold, plunged in the water and played all around the boats as they were coming back to the stake boat. Her champion won, his antagonist suddenly falling to the rear although he was fresh to the end and pulled manfully. The swimming woman was seen to dive under the boat of the vanquished oarsman after her man's victory was assured and was detected trying to remove a rope which had been fastened to the shell in a dive she had made before the start. At the finish she had dived under the approaching racers, caught the rope and rising to the surface far in the rear, had retarded the progress of the rival oarsman by towing her dead weight for a short distance after him. The aquatic party had to leave town in haste, but they took a big "boodle" with them.

THE CURSE OF THE VOODOO.

A Remarkable Romance of New Orleans and its Tony Society.

The last of the famous De Courcy family dying in San Francisco the other day has revived the old legend of the Voodoo curse that was put on old man De Courcy by an abused and liberally "black-snaked" negress of his plantation in the good old times. The old woman predicted that his family would die out with three daughters and no sons. Sure enough his wife gave him only daughters and three was the number. They were beautiful girls—Louise, Celeste and Joan. They were belles, wealthy, highly educated, proud and courted by the best of the Louisiana chivalry. But the old negress' curse clung so close to them that they came to be known as "the fatal sisters." Louise married Dr. Hunt, of Alabama. Before the honeymoon was half over he became jealous of the attentions a gentleman paid his wife at a ball, challenged him and was killed. Then Celeste De Courcy married John Foraythe, Jr., son of the editor of the Mobile Register. He committed suicide a week after. The third daughter, Joan, the prettiest of all, married a wealthy young creole named Edouard Brienvu, and he was killed in the first month of their married life in a duel on her account. The sisters removed to San Francisco, but the curse still pursued them, and there Joan, the last of them, died in a garret in abject poverty last month.

RAILROADED TO HEAVEN.

A Western Man Goes on a Snake Hunt in a Sleeping Car and Murders a Sleeper.

As a train on the Ohio and Mississippi road was booming along near Mitchell, Ind., at 4 A. M. on the 29th ult., the passengers on the sleeping car were thrown into the greatest alarm by the conduct of a passenger named Haynes who was evidently crazed by drink. The crazy man roamed the car, pistol in hand, under the delusion that he was pursued by robbers who wanted his money. Mr. Alex. C. Wingate, a wealthy resident of Woodford county, Ky., who was returning to his home from a business trip to the west, sprang out of his berth alarmed by the outcry and was immediately shot dead by Haynes.

The murderer then fired two other shots at random and darting through the door leaped off the train, which was going at a speed of forty miles an hour. He alighted safely and walked half a mile away to a creek and after hanging his clothes on the limb of a tree plunged into the water and was drowned.

In his pockets were found a half bottle of brandy, a receipt for a \$400 express package sent from Texas to New Salem, Ohio, a gold watch, \$30 in money and letters proving the murderer hailed from Yuma, Arizona.

WOMEN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes Out Strong in Comparison With the Stronger.

Mrs. KEYS, a wealthy lady of Philadelphia, took a dislike to a very beautiful young girl, aged 17, named Mollie Boyer, who lived next door to her. The families were not acquainted but Mrs. Keys hated the girl all the same, for no cause. On the 1st inst., as Mollie was entering her father's house Mrs. Keys appeared at a second story window, and threw a quantity of vitrol over her scarring her face in a shocking manner, and burning out one of her eyes.

LAURA S. ADAMS, the actress, formerly of Annie Pixley's troupe, made a scene by cowering her husband, James R. Pettit, a bookkeeper, in the street in Philadelphia on the 1st inst. He persuaded her to leave the stage and marry him two years ago. Her sister, two years younger than herself and just eighteen, took his fancy, and he ran away and lived with her. He then received a legacy, and by the free use of money lured the youngest sister, aged only 16, away from the paths of virtue, abandoning the second sister and going to live with her in turn. His wife thought that going through the whole family in this irregular matrimonial way was not exactly the proper career on the part of Pettit, and applied the cowhide accordingly.

As Judge A. W. Stone was taking a promenade in Harrison avenue, Leadville, Col., on the 23rd ult., he was suddenly confronted by a pretty woman who drew a cowhide from beneath her fur-lined cloak and gave him two or three lashes across the face. Then she clung to his long white beard until the passers-by took her away. The lady proved to be Mrs. D. E. Walson, and she had beaten the judge because he wanted to drive away the man who was living with her as her husband. The judge, she said, wanted to adopt her as his daughter, with sinister motives, and had paid her young man sums of money several times, to leave town, so that the old patriarch might have a clear field to work his own rackets; but she wouldn't have it and took the last means to convince him that she wouldn't. The judge says he only wanted to separate them in the interest of the real Mrs. Walson, who lives in the East and who wants her husband back.

CROOKED CAPERS.

Scrapes and Scandals of all Sorts and from all Quarters.

A SMART turnkey was Billy Edmunds, of the Detroit, Mich., jail. On the 23rd ult. he detected one of the prisoners sawing through the iron bars of his cell window. The turnkey said nothing, intending to go outside when they finished the job and capture each one as he dropped out of the opening. The dozen convicts in the job didn't wait for him, though, but got away before he could get around to a place where he might lie in wait for them. He watched all night, and when morning came he learned that they had gone before he had mounted guard.

REV. GEO. S. BRAND, of the Methodist church of Guthrie Centre, Iowa, is the next saint to sit on the "ragged edge." He made a pastoral visit to one of his female parishioners on the 23d ult., while her husband was away at business, and made an indecent exposure and accompanied the offense with obscene gestures. The lady fled and took refuge in the house of a friend who returned with her husband to keep her company. During the afternoon the person appeared at his window (he lived across the way), and repeated the exposure and indecent gestures, not knowing that there were other witnesses in the house beside his parishioner. He said, when charged with the offense, that the woman had a diseased imagination, and was very grand about it; but when the others came forward to tell what they had seen, he weakened and wanted to create a diversion by asking the brethren and sisters to join him in prayer. This racket didn't work, however, so he acknowledged the corn before the church meeting, was formally fired out, and left the town at once with his family.

At Jackson, Mich., on the night of March 21, a band of burglars entered the houses of three widows who were known to be wealthy and to live alone. They made a grand haul of money, valuables, jewelry and seal skin saccos in each place, but did not ill-treat the ladies. The robberies were very well timed, and the servants are supposed to have been in collusion with the thieves.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

THE Malley boys, of New Haven, threaten to go on the stand at their trial and give away all the facts in regard to the murder of Jennie Cramer. They still protest their innocence.

On the night of the 29th ult. Sheriff Wm. Estes, of Stokes county, North Carolina, left home saying he would be gone several days. He warned his wife to allow no one to stay over night in the house as the safe contained valuable property, and gave her the key. A neighbor came to the house during the night and Mrs. Estes allowed him to occupy a room. During the night two masked men called and demanded the key of the safe. She ran up and told her guest. He told her to go back and give them the key without saying anything of his presence in the house. She did so, and the men proceeded to rob the safe. While they were thus engaged Mrs. Estes' friend came down stairs armed and opened fire on the thieves, killing both of them. One of the dead men was found to be the sheriff himself and the other a friend and neighbor of his.

A THIEF disguised as a Catholic priest has been working the western country. In several farm houses near Atchison, Kansas, where he has been entertained over night he has made a clear sweep of all the valuables, and stealing a horse from the stables has skipped before morning. He will be lynched if caught, so strong is the feeling against him and his method of operations.

DEATH AT DESSERT.

Wm. H. Deibert, of Leadville, Pa., came in from the barn to dinner with the family at noon on the 27th ult. He sat heartily and chatted sociably. Then when the meal was finished he pushed his plate away and leaning back in his chair while a bland smile of satiety oozed slowly over his features, remarked, "Uncle Abe is hanging dead in the barn." The family rushed out and found that the old man had indeed committed suicide. Called on for an explanation, Deibert said he didn't wish to spoil the family meal by telling the news too soon. He preferred to hold it back for desert.

The Hillsdale Champion Amateur Four.

In this issue we are, as usual, first in the sporting field by introducing to our readers a capital group of portraits of the famous amateur four-oared crew of the Hillsdale Boat Club, of Hillsdale, Mich., who are to sail from this city on May 30th, to row on the Thames, England, against the best oarsmen in England. The crew comprises Clarence W. Terwilliger, bow, aged 31 years, 5 feet 8½ inches in height and weighs 148 pounds; Homer P. Mead, aged 24 years, 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 153 pounds; Louis F. Beckhardt, aged 23 years, 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighs 157 lbs., and E. Van Valkenburgh, stroke, aged 24 years, 5 feet 11 inches in height and weighs 170 pounds.

The association known as the Hillsdale Rowing Club was organized on July 8, 1878, and incorporated under the laws of the State of Michigan some time in September of the same year. The first event participated in occurred on Baw Beese Lake, near the city of Hillsdale, on Sept. 3, 1878, at which time the Baw Beese Boat Club held their second annual regatta, the Hillsdales entering C. W. Terwilliger and E. B. Van Valkenburgh, in the double scull race, and L. F. Beckhardt in the single scull race. Both crews won easily, the former having two competitors and the latter one, all from the Baw Beese club.

In the spring of 1879 the club purchased a four-oared shell from the Wah-wah-sums, of Saginaw, Mich., and organized a crew composed of C. W. Terwilliger, bow and captain, J. D. Wilson, No. 2, L. F. Beckhardt, No. 3, E. B. Van Valkenburgh, stroke. This crew, as given above, attended the Northwestern Amateur Regatta held at Toledo, O., July 3, 4, 1879, where they won the Junior Four-oared race, beating the Undines, of Toledo, their only opponents; time, 14m. 10s.

From Toledo the crew, with J. G. Wolf, as substitute, went to Saratoga to attend the National Regatta, held July 9, 10, 11, 1879. The entries were Mutuels, of Albany, Saugerties, Wah-wah-sums, of Saginaw, Zephyrs, and Michigans, of Detroit, Shoe-wae-cae-mettes, of Monroe, Wyandottes, and Hillsdales, Mich., Crescents, of Philadelphia, Hopes and St. Johns, of New Orleans, Lachines, of Montreal, Olympics, of Albany, Elizabeths, of Portsmouth, Va., Atalantas, Watkins, and Cohoes, of New York. In their trial heat the Hillsdales crossed the line winners in 8m. 41½s., Atalantas second, Wyandottes third. The final heat was composed of Hillsdales, Shoe-wae-cae-mettes, Wah-wah-sums, Mutuels and Elizabeths, the Atalantas having withdrawn. At the finish of this race there was a grand foul, and the umpire ordered the race rowed over after disqualifying the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes and Wah-wah-sums which resulted in the Hillsdales winning in 8m. 32½s. The crew then returned and took part in a regatta on Baw Beese Lake,

held Aug. 13, 14, 1879. In the senior fours they defeated the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes and Undines; time 7m. 2½s. Terwilliger and Van Valkenburgh also won both senior and junior races for double sculls, beating in the first instance the Niles Scullers, of Niles, Mich., and Farraguts, of Chicago; time 8m. ½s. In the senior race they defeated Taylor and Kaney of the Undines, Toledo; time 7m. 47½s. Undines not finishing the race. The distance was 1½ miles straightaway, the personnel of the crew remaining the same as given above. Up to this time the crew had been using an old boat purchased from the Wah-wah-sums of Saginaw, but upon their return from Saratoga a

and VanValkenburgh also captured the senior double scull race in 10m. 22s. On June 23, 24, 1880, they took part in the annual regatta of the Mississippi Valley Association, held at Moline, Ill., where they entered the open to all four oared and double scull races, winning the former in 12m. 21s. In the double Terwilliger and Van Valkenburgh did not pull the race through owing to their sculls being too large for the rowlocks, and they could not be made to work. The course was two miles with a turn. The next week after their return from Moline they started for Philadelphia to participate in the National Regatta, July 7, 8, 9, 1880. The entries were Argonauts of Toronto, University

9m. 48½s., distance 1½ miles straightaway. Terwilliger and VanValkenburgh were beaten in the senior double scull race by Duaseau and Durell, of the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes. The above straightaway races were pulled against a swift current.

At the annual regatta of the Hillsdale Rowing Club, held July 28, 29, 1880, the crew did not enter in any of the races, but gave exhibition pulls.

In the Spring of 1881, the club had serious thoughts about entering crews at any of the regattas during that season, but after a while concluded to enter a senior four and single in the Northwestern Regatta held on Diamond

Lake, near Cassopolis, Mich., July 28, 29, 1881. The four was made up of L. F. Beckhardt, H. P. Mead, E. T. Beckhardt, E. B. Van Valkenburgh. Capt. Terwilliger entered at this regatta in the senior single-scull race, but when the first race for four oars was called E. T. Beckhardt was unable to take his place in the boat on account of sickness, and Terwilliger occupied his seat in the boat, a position he had never before tried. The open to all four oars, distance 1½ miles straightaway, was won by the Hillsdales in 8m. 12½s., Centennials second and Wyandottes third. The entries in the senior four were Hillsdales, Centennials, Wyandottes, Bay City, Goguacs of Battle Creek, Nautilus of Hamilton, Ont. Hillsdales crossed the line first in 16m. 52½s., Centennials second 3 lengths behind, Wyandottes last, the other crews having drawn out. Distance, 3 miles with a turn.

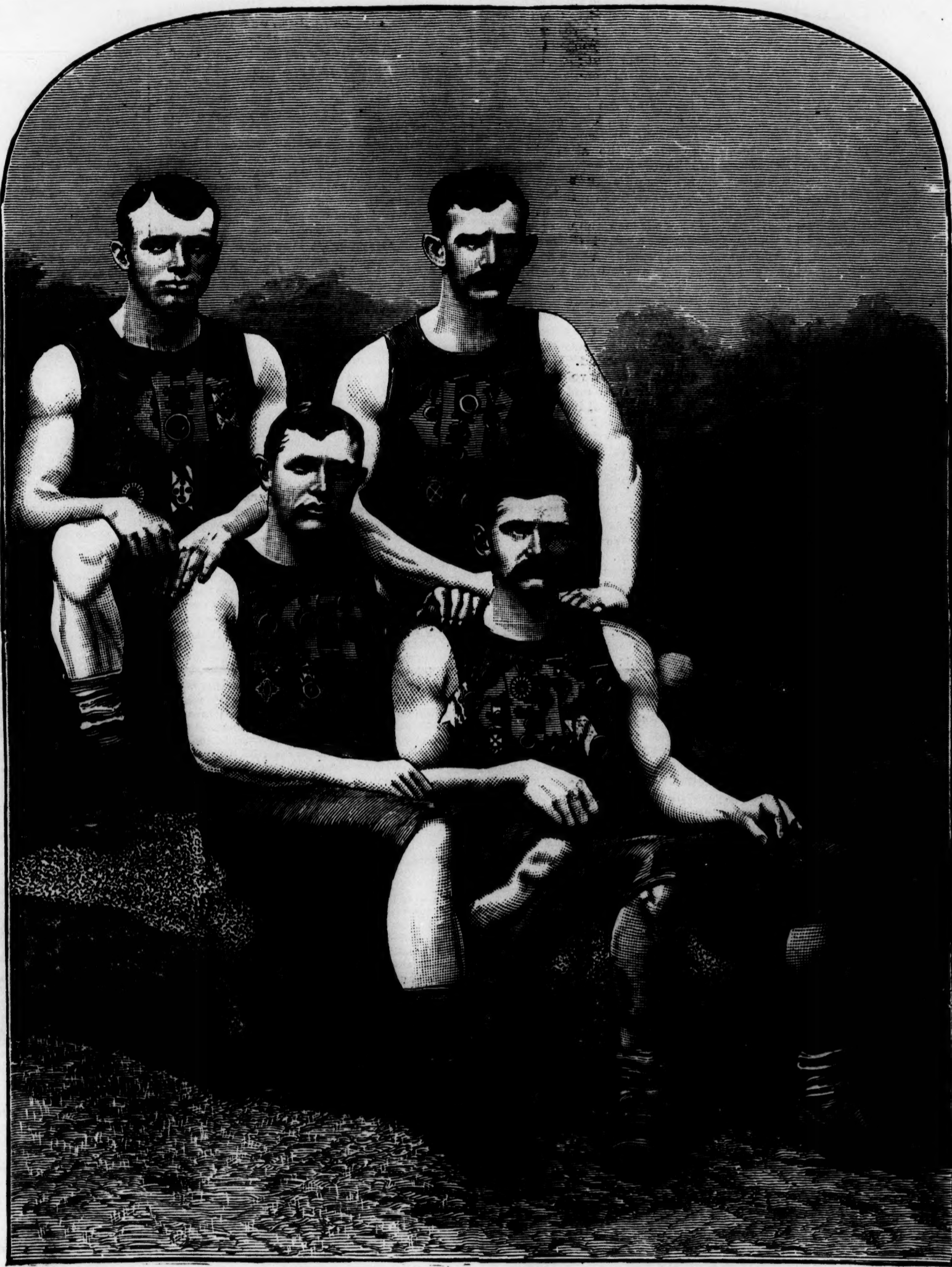
Upon the return of the crew they were reorganized, after which they rowed in the open to all four oared race at the Hillsdale regatta, Aug. 24, 25, 1881, their only opponents being the Centennials, whom the Hillsdales vanquished in 10m. 36s.; distance 1½ miles with turn.

They next rowed at the National regatta, held at Washington, D.C., Sept. 8, 9, 1881. The entries were Minnesota of St. Paul, Elizabeth of Portsmouth, Va., Metropolitan of New York City, Middlesex of Cambridgeport, Mass., Crescent and Fairmount of Philadelphia, Albany, Columbia of Georgetown, Anacostan of Washington, D.C., and Hillsdales. In the trial heat the Hillsdales were first in 8m. 20½s. The final heat resulted in Hillsdales winning in 8m. 6½s. The

course was on the Potomac river, and 1½ miles straightaway against the current.

Conjugal Attentions.

While Mrs. Robert Bluem, of Cleveland, was peacefully sleeping on the night of the 31st ult., she was startled by a stinging sensation on the cheek. She opened her eyes and saw her husband standing in the middle of the room with a pistol in his hand practicing marksmanship on her. After receiving several slight wounds she escaped to an adjoining room and screamed for help, but before assistance arrived the man had ended the festivities by putting a bullet through his head.



HOMER P. MEAD. E. B. VAN VALKENBURGH, STROKE. LOUIS F. BECKHARDT. CLARENCE W. TERWILLIGER, BOW.

THE HILLSDALE AMATEUR FOUR.

[Photo. by John Wood, 208 Bowery.]

new one was ordered of Waters & Sons, Troy, N. Y., which was received just before the lake was closed with ice. The new boat was found to be all that could have been desired, and it was constantly used during the rowing seasons of 1880 and 1881, the dimensions of this boat being 41 feet long, 19 inches wide, and fully rigged, weighing 120 pounds.

In the latter part of May, 1880, the crew started for New Orleans to take part in a regatta held on Lake Pontchartrain, June 2, 3, 1880. Here they rowed in the four-oared race against the Shoe-wae-cae-mettes, Burlingtons of Iowa, and St. Johns of New Orleans. The Hillsdales won easily in 9m. 15s. Terwilliger

and Crescents of Philadelphia, Carman of Carmanville, Saugerties of Albany and M. N. Nolan of Albany, N. Y., Eureka of Newark, N. J., Nautilus of Reading, Pa., Centennials of Detroit, Wyandottes and Hillsdales of Michigan. In their trial heat the Hillsdales were easy winners in 9m. 41½s. In the final heat they crossed the line winners in 8m. 53s.

The Northwestern Amateur Associations Regatta, held at Bay City, Mich., July 21, 22, 1880, was attended by the crew, and the race for senior fours in which they had no competitors, (the Wyandottes withdrawing), was taken in 19m. 18s., distance 3 miles with turn. Open to all fours was won handily by the Hillsdales in

Lothario's Dilemma.

James Pratt, a restaurant keeper at Albany City, had reason to believe that a young man, agent for a threat manufacturing firm, whose office is in New York, was too fond of his, the restaurant keeper's wife. The young woman had been educated in New York and had kept company with Phil Groater, the drummer aforesaid, before her marriage, but since had received his visits, as she pretended to her husband, out of pure malice—just to show him how happy she was with her own dear hubby, in the nice little cottage which he had bought in her name, in the outskirts of Pittsburgh. The restaurant-keeper took in this taffy very accommodatingly, and for a time all went well. Several anonymous letters received by him from the prying neighbors, however, brought a change over the spirit of his dream. He went home unexpectedly on the 27th ult., and got into the bed-room just in time to see a fashionably attired young man jump out of the window and make for a lumber room on the ground floor of the one story wing of the cottage. The husband, masking his feelings, made an excuse to go into this addition. The stranger retreated to the chimney and took refuge in it. The husband built a rousing fire in the fire-place, put his two watch dogs on the roof of the wing with instructions to watch for him in the chimney, and borrowing a neighbor's gun, came back and watched with them until Lothario in the chimney decided the question whether he would be roasted or eaten raw. He finally showed himself at the top of the chimney and begged piteously for mercy. The husband granted him the right to get away if he could, promising to be neutral between him and the dogs. He got down and ran for it. The fierce animals tore him terribly, and would have killed him had he not fallen in with a party of railroad laborers, who drove them off and rescued him. The faithless wife was given twenty-four hours to pack up and leave, after writing before witnesses a confession of her guilt. Her husband preserves several scraps of her lover's raiment as specimens of the jaw power of his faithful

**DANGERS OF THE MATINEE.**

HOW THE NEW YORK THEATRE USHERS MAKE A STAKE BY AIDING THE GAY SIRENS TO THROW THEIR NETS ABOUT ELIGIBLE PARTIES AT THE THEATRE.



DAVID GASTNACKER,

CHAMPION PIE EATER OF NEWARK, N. J.



JOSEPH STEWART,

CHAMPION OYSTER EATER OF WILMINGTON, DEL.

dogs, who are all of the once happy household that remain faithful to its master.

A Desperate Game.

Another hot time in Kentucky. H. T. Parker, a telegraph operator employed by the railroad company at Wickliffe, Ky., playing cards on the night of the 31st ult. with another young man named Jerry Henderson, had a dispute and seized the stakes amounting to twenty dollars. The parties separated after an interchange of the usual choice epithets. Jerry returned home and consulted with his brother Henry, who urged him to recover the money. They armed themselves and went to a house where Parker was sitting up all night watching the corpse of a friend's child. They called him out and in the fight that ensued, Henry was shot and killed by Parker who fled to the river, jumped into a canoe and floated down the stream. He was

headed off at a bend by a mounted man, some miles below, who covered him with a rifle and made him come ashore. He was taken back to town the next day, but that evening overpowered his guards, got possession of a Winchester rifle and ammunition, fought his way out and has not been seen since, although the country has been scoured by detachments of armed citizens.

A Fiend Lynched.

At midnight on the 1st inst., a tramp named Charles Gimson, who said he resided at Franklin, Ill., broke into the house of Edward Pritchard, at Kokomo, took a little girl, aged three years, from her crib without awaking her parents, and carrying her to an outbuilding made an attempt to outrage her, inflicting frightful injuries on the child. He was captured and lodged in jail, but although guarded by a militia company, the prison was carried by a mob fifteen hundred strong during the night of the 2d inst., who hanged him.

Two brothers, John and Thomas McDonald, of Covington, Ky., had a fight with knives on the 1st inst. John got the most fine work in and carved Thomas so freely that he will die.

**LOTHARIO'S DILEMMA.**

A PITTSBURGH YOUNG MAN WHILE ON A VISIT TO A MARRIED LADY IS TRAPPED IN A CHIMNEY BY HER HUSBAND AND CAUGHT ON THE ROOF BY HIS DOGS.

**VIVISECTING HIS BRIDE.**

A CRAZY PHYSICIAN MARRIES AN ATLANTA, GA., BELLE, AND PROFESSIONALLY OUTFITS IN A SCENE OF HORROR IN THE BRIDAL CHAMBER.

THE ACTOR ASSASSINS;

OR, THE JOURNEY OF DEATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabelle Unmasked," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

AN ESCAPE FOILED.

The assassins were incarcerated in the prison at Donai, in which city they were to be tried. They were confined in separate cells, and given permission to employ counsel and make what preparations they chose for a defense, which, no matter what precautions they took, was predestined to be fruitless.

They received a very few visitors, but were viewed by many curious strangers whom the friendship of the jailors secured the privilege for.

Among these visitors one day appeared two women, young, pretty, attired with Parisian elegance, and apparently devoured by grief and despair. They represented themselves as the prisoner Armand's sisters, and stated that they had made the journey from Paris to make his incarceration as little miserable as their efforts could.

They were, consequently, allowed free access to the prisoner.

Armand received them with effusion, and they provided him with many comforts and luxuries. They exercised their charms upon the jailors, too, and were permitted liberties which were in direct contempt of the rules of the prison.

On September 12th these two visitors presented themselves at the jail at two o'clock in the afternoon and were as usual admitted to Armand's cell.

They remained there longer than usual, and as the hour at which visitors were compelled to leave had long passed the chief jailer knocked at the cell door and warned them that they must depart.

An explosion of sobs was his only answer. He insisted, and at last one of the ladies opened the door. Her face was red with weeping. Her sister, bent with her head upon the table, sobbed as if her heart would break. Armand, stretched on his bed with his face buried in the pillow, was also crying.

It was such an affecting scene that the jailer himself was touched. He excused himself for the necessity of disturbing the grief-stricken family party, and withdrew to a decent distance so as not to interfere with the parting.

Presently the ladies came out, rapidly.

One leaned upon the other's arm, her face buried in her handkerchief, her form shaken by convulsive sobs. The other strove to comfort her.

They passed the jailer, but a moment later a suspicion flashed upon him.

The lady with the handkerchief was an unusually tall woman and heavily built, whereas the murderer's two visitors were small and slender.

The turnkey scented a rodent of commanding dimensions, and springing upon the sobbing lady tore the handkerchief from her hand.

The face of Antoine Armand was uncovered by this movement.

The prisoner in his cell was the younger and prettier of his visitors, who had exchanged clothing with him and who was striving to play for him the part Madame Lavelette had performed for her husband in Paris, and the one Mrs. Wes. Allen and Maggie Jordan were to repeat nearly fifty years afterwards for Sharkey in New York.

After this Armand was denied all visits and privileges. The women were held under arrest and an inquiry made into their identity.

They proved to be an actress of the Odeon Theatre and her maid.

The actress had fallen desperately in love with Armand during his engagement at the theatre, and he had in a measure reciprocated her passion. Much of his ill-gotten gains had been expended on her, and she had requited his generosity with a devotion quite rare among her mercenary class.

When the news of his arrest reached Paris she had sent her jewels to the pawnshop, packed up her travelling bag and set out at once for Donai, determined to rescue her lover, if a rescue were possible. Her maid had entered into her plan and done her best to help her carry it out.

The Belgian laws are very strict and severe in relation to aiding in the escape of prisoners, and the two daring women stood a good chance of experiencing serious trouble out of their escapade.

But after a week or ten days a special courier delivered an important looking communication from Paris to the governor of the prison. It was an order from the King for the release of the female Don Quixote and her Abigail.

The ostensible reason was that their crime had been a woman's error and weakness rather than a serious offence, and as it had failed in its purpose the theatre would not need to be robbed of a popular favorite. The real reason was very like that given by Charles II. when he pardoned Nell Gwynne for interfering in a political imbroglio she had no business with.

The king can always afford to pardon those he loves.

Mistress and maid, being released, returned to Paris without delay. Armand, now deprived of his last hope, for he knew that the courts had doomed him beforehand, abandoned himself to despair.

When he was not a prey to this cowardly grief he employed his leisure in literary pursuits. He wrote hymns, love songs of the most indecent character, commenced a romance called "The Career of a Cutpurse from Cradle to Guillotine," and indited two acts of a play based on his adventures and exploits.

"One may as well amuse oneself," he said. "When we are dead it is the turn of the worms."

Could anyone but a Parisian conceive such philosophy under such circumstances, any more than anyone but a Frenchwoman could find such a wretch worth sacrificing herself for?

CHAPTER VI.

THE AXE FALLS.

Antoine Armand and Jules Marek Delaval were brought to trial for murder on November 9, 1832, at Donai. It was a period of great political excitement, and their case excited little of the attention which to-day renders less heinous and romantic crimes celebrated.

They continued to accuse each other of the chief criminality in the murder, and their cross denunciations were furious, obscene and disgusting.

The court found them equally culpable, and both were condemned to death.

With the mad desire to delay his execution, Armand broke out in a novel way. He accused himself of all sorts of crimes, all imaginary, and when these failed tried to secure time by professing to know and be willing to betray the assassins of the Prince de Conde. But every investigation of these phantom crimes proved him a liar, and his doom drew steadily on.

On February 6, 1833, the two condemned men were taken to the prison at Dunkirk, where the execution was to take place.

The execution took place on February 8th, at noon, in the great square at Dunkirk, amid a vast throng of spectators.

The assassins ate their last breakfast tranquilly, and poked their teeth with a comfortable deliberateness. The meal over, they distributed their few effects among their fellow-prisoners.

"May they do you more good than they did me," said Delaval, giving a pair of shoes he had purchased in Dunkirk on the day after the murder.

But as the hour of execution hurried on, Delaval lost his sang froid. He became pale, and a febrile movement agitated him. Armand, on the contrary, remained firm.

He was carefully dressed and got up, and carried himself with theatrical audacity. He sprang from the death cart vivaciously and mounted the steps of the guillotine lightly. Saluting the executioners with careless abandon, he bowed to the audience like a rope dancer acknowledging an applause. He went out of the world with as little apparent emotion, in short, as a man of wood.

Delaval, nearly dead with fright, had to be carried up the steps of the scaffold. The executioners handled him like a rag baby. The guillotine beheaded simply an inert mass.

The mob had cheered Armand; it hissed his confederate.

[THE END.]

VIVISECTING HIS BRIDE.

A Maniac Doctor Presides Over a Scene of Horror in His Bridal Chamber.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An old doctor named Henry P. Wright residing some miles to the southwest of the town of Lebanon, Ga., has gradually sunk into a state of mild imbecility in his declining years. He has been out of practice for some ten years owing to eccentricities which his patients in Philadelphia, Pa., his native place, were not willing to bear with. Among the most startling of these was his attempts to prescribe terrible doses of morphine for the avowed purpose of merely studying their effects on his unhappy subjects. When his practice all left him he moved to the wilds of Georgia and built a fine residence where he lived alone. He was a fine looking man, well educated, a good conversationalist and good company when he was not in one of his gloomy moods.

There was no sign of the madman about him and as he had money he soon became a favorite with the ladies and one of them, a Miss Stremmers, whose parents reside near Atlanta, Ga., consented to marry him after a very brief courtship. He objected to a grand wedding so the parson officiated privately at the residence of the bride with only her parents as witnesses of the ceremony. Then he drove away at nightfall with his bride.

When they reached his gloomy but magnificent dwelling she found it presided over by but one servant, an old negress, who showed her the way to her room. Her husband disappeared until about 2 A. M. when he entered the bedroom where she was sleeping and after a desperate struggle tied her hand and feet and after stripping her naked placed her on a table and proceeded to vivisect her. He had made an incision in her side and had torn off several strips of skin to enable him to note the spasmodic action of the muscles over her heart, when a party of belated hunters burst in, attracted by the woman's cries and after a desperate fight drove off the maniac doctor who, armed with a knife, cut his way through the crowd, leaped through a second story window and escaped to the woods. When caught he will be lodged in an insane asylum as he should have been long ago.

The bride will recover but it is feared that her reason has been unsettled by her terrible experience in the bridal chamber.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Some Deeds in which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

CHAS. PARKS, of Milan, Mich., was arrested on the 31st ult. on a charge of having seduced an insane girl of that town.

JOHN OAKES, a convict of Provo, Utah, under sentence of life imprisonment, committed suicide in court on the 28th ult. as he was about to be removed to prison.

A. C. PATRICKS, of Lincoln, Nebraska, shot his wife through the heart on the 2d inst. and then tried to kill his grown sons but they escaped with only flesh wounds. He was a disreputable, drunken fellow and his wife had refused to live with him for some years. He escaped to the woods after the murder and the officers of the law although hot foot after him have not succeeded in running him down as yet.

On June 1, 1873, Dollos Logan killed Peter R. Smith at Mansfield, Texas. The murderer escaped and since that time has been at large, frequently visiting Fort Worth with a gang of cowboys to protect him and defying the authorities to take him. He visited Mansfield secretly to see some friends on the 1st inst. but was recognized by a newspaper reporter who notified the sheriff and then engaged the murderer in a friendly game of cards while the posse were being gathered. Logan had just turned up the ace of hearts for trumps and had both bowers when the officers arrived and took him without a struggle.

At Frenchburg, Ky., on the 1st inst., a fight occurred in a moonshiner's whiskey shop between a band of a dozen desperadoes who had quarrelled over a game of cards. The battle was waged with pistols and bowie knives and was continued in the street by moonlight. One Thomason and Martin Jones were each shot twice, the latter being mortally wounded, while Bill Duncan had his abdomen laid open with a bowie knife. A man named Murphy is said to have been killed and the ruffians who had participated in the fight carried the body to the woods and buried it. When the neighbors asked about the row and the damage done they were told to shut up, that it was none of their business and until somebody who had been hurt made up his mind to squeal the authorities had nothing to do with it. Nice place, that section of Kentucky; nice fellows, those Kentuckians.

DANGERS OF THE MATINEE.

How the Ticket Sellers and Ushers Combine with Crooked Girls to Land the Suckers.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The great city bristles with traps for the unwary rustic. The bunco man preys on the greenhorn, capturing him in the street or in the hotel and lauding him summarily without any extra ado about it. But there are some kinds of fish, and they are often the richest too, who cannot be caught in that fashion. They are the merchants from eastern, western and southern cities who pretend to know a thing or two, and who while on a lark in the metropolis are ever on their guard against crooked games. To land such a fish as this requires art in fixing the bait, in playing him and in finally scooping him in. The matinee at the fashionable theatre is the place where he is caught and there the fair and crooked damsels set their traps for him with unvarying success.

You do not suppose they go to the theatre for fun, do you? If you do you are much mistaken. It is business with them every time. But how do they select their subjects so unerringly and with so little loss of time in tackling wrong parties? Why, they have accomplices in the ticket sellers and ushers. They are always solid with the ticket seller, visiting him at the box office two or three times a week, making him presents of cigars and scarf pins and money. They arrive late at the matinee and go to the box office for tickets.

"Oh, Charley, got a good house? Yes? Good seats for us? You know not too far to the front."

Charley thinks he has. There is a gent he knows to be a solid party whom he has seated in the fifth row all by himself with a vacant seat on either side of him and there the dear girls are going to be installed. He flings out a couple of dollar tickets, the dear girls hand him a five dollar note and pass in without waiting for their change.

The box keeper has satisfied himself that the gent is a fit subject for the arts of the dear girls and they have no trouble and lose no time in landing him. The ushers also turn an honest penny by keeping themselves posted on the quality of the male patrons and changing the seats of the female sharks to proximity to those selected as eligible parties. These ushers get only five dollars or less a week from the management for their services but their bribes on a matinee day amount to more than five times their weekly salaries. It is worth fifty dollars extra a week to sell tickets at the matinee if you are "fly" and can tumble to the girls' racket and keep your tongue between your teeth. It is amusing to attend a matinee in any of the New York theatres and watch this trapping of the knowing ones going on all over the house with the employees in league with the sirens to ensnare the suckers.

It is too bad to give this away since it may spoil the girls' profits and cut down the earnings of those very honest and hard working sons of toll, the ticket sellers, but the POLICE GAZETTE is a journal of light and its readers in the remote sections of the country must be posted before they make, perchance, a trip to New York, in what are the tricks and traps with which they will be beset.

KILLED BY PRAYER.

How Three Religious Maniacs Brought About a Funeral and a Big Scandal.

Here's the boss emotional sensation. It comes from Rogersville, N. Y. The seminary in that place is run by a blooming professor named De Wayne Babcock. He is assisted by two maiden ladies as instructors—persons of fine education and refinement—the Misses Andrews. This entire college faculty seem to be religious maniacs. The absolute efficacy of prayer is their stronghold, and they think they have only to cut loose their chin music and raise up the din of their psalm singing to force God to perform miracles of the most improbable character. Prof. Babcock's wife being confined, these three howling idiots refused to send for a physician but joined in prayer to the Lord to bring her through all right, and the second night of her illness forced her to get up and dance around the

room with them in thanksgiving to heaven for having answered their prayers. Of course, after the holy exercise the poor woman died.

When the professor laid her in the grave, the two sisters began to wonder which one of them he would marry, but he broke them all up by saying one day a week or two ago, that he thought he would run over to a neighboring town and get him a new wife to care for his four children. No sooner had he gone than the two maiden ladies confessed to the whole village that he had maltreated his wife and had been guilty of adultery with them. When the professor came back with his bride he had to face this scandal, and his life has been made miserable in consequence. His defence is that the too too rapturous religious maidens are crazy. He says he didn't, while they bravely say he did, and that they are "very wicked women."

A CHINESE MAZEPPA.

The Boys Have Some Cruel Fun with John and End with a Death.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Near Brookville, Arizona, on the 30th ult., three well-equipped and finely mounted cowboys named Jake McCray, Billy Follansbee and Tom Dilworth, were riding along, intending to have a quiet time in town. They were met by a Chinaman carrying a basket who approached them on a dog trot, but evidently with some fear of the horsemen of the plains. An idea struck Jake McCray.

"Boys," said he, "I'll lasso the Chinaman, you catch a wild steer, we'll tie him on and run him through the town."

Billy and Tommy roared with delight over this project and agreed to perform their part. Jake flung his riata and it twirled around the unfortunate Mongolian, who was jerked ten feet in the leap of the rough rider's horse as it tightened. Follansbee and Dilworth meantime had gone off after a huge steer. Bill threw his riata around its horns and Tom had coiled his around the animal's hind legs; and there they had it quiet enough, thrown to the ground on its side. The Chinaman fished for twenty dollar bills to bribe his captors to let him off, but they were merciless. They took the money, but they would have their fun too. He was laid breast down on the steer, his hands were pulled well down around the brute's shoulders and tied together; then his legs were firmly secured on either side of the animal's loins, and then Jake inspected the work and said he was as firm as if he had "growed there."

The steer was then released and he sprang to his feet with blood in his eye. He charged successively each horseman, but they avoided him with ease. All this time the Chinaman was yelling "police" and "murder" at the top of his voice, while the cowboys added to the din with their devilish yells. All these sounds maddened the steer as well as alarmed him and he finally started off at a thundering pace for the town, the Chinaman shrieking and screaming in the most agonizing manner. The furious brute made wide detours and attempted to turn back, but was headed every time by his skillful pursuers and driven on towards the town which had been selected as the theatre of the "fun." The frenzied animal leaped a gully eighteen feet wide, and was followed safely by Jake, but Bill and Tom and their horses both tumbled in. Tom came to his senses first and leaving Follansbee stunned, ran his horse along the bottom for a quarter of a mile and came out in time to take part in the chase again.

The animal was headed into the main street at midday and went through with a rush. All the dogs in town joined in the pursuit at its heels. A mob joined, led by McCray and Dilworth, mounted and hunted the Chinaman and his wild steed through every lane and alley of the town amid an indescribable din. In front of the court house the steer stumbled and fell, and Deputy Sheriff Charles Smith ran forward and cut the Chinaman loose. Dilworth shouted to McCray to catch the steer and he would recapture the Chinaman. The deputy warned him not to try it. Dilworth's riata was thrown and twined about the cowering wretch and at the same moment Smith fired a shot at Dilworth fell dead from his saddle. The riata had twined about both the officer and the Chinaman and the animal, alarmed by the fall of its rider, ran away, dragging both of them almost the length of the main street before it was caught. McCray left town, hunted up Follansbee and both fled. A party of citizens started in pursuit, with little hope of capturing them.

THE HUM OF BULLETS.

The Deadly Pistol and the Diverse Motives that have Winged its Leaden Messengers.

Geo. BOHANNON, who shot and killed Wm. Light at a picnic at Pool Hollow Cave, Phelps county, Mo., on Aug. 15, 1881, has for the second time been sentenced to be hanged, the execution to take place on April 21. His first trial came off last fall and the supreme court granted a new trial on account of irregularity in the instructions. This time he will be certain to hang. The murder was a most unprovoked and dastardly one, without cause, and the victim a peaceful and good citizen, while the murderer was always considered a bad egg.

JOHN SCHNABEL, a jolly German of Johnstown, Pa., was fool enough a year ago to marry a widow with several young devils of boys. John tried hard to control them but they would not recognize his authority. On Sunday, the 28th ult., while he was away at church they passed the time in shooting rats and playing circus in his stable and the neighbors complained of the violation of the Sabbath. Schnabel feeling that any attempt to reform his young friends was hopeless, crowned his original folly by blowing his brains out.

CHAS. STACKHOUSE, who called a farmer named Kipple, of Ells county, Kansas, to his door and shot him dead out of pure devilry and on no provocation at all, was captured near Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 2d inst. after the detectives had chased him over the country for three years.

A MULATTO couple in Denver, Col., has taken to the emotional business with pistol accompaniments. O. G. Caswell, a cream colored m. k. was so renowned as a masher that his young bride got mad about it and took to sleeping with a loaded revolver under her pillow to defend her virtue. On the night of the 25th ult. the couple had a fight for the weapon and in the struggle it went off, the ball carrying away one of the bride's fingers and lodging in the eye of the bridegroom. Whence arises a terrible scandal in the tiny colored circles of Denver.

CAPTAIN JIM'S "STAR."

How a Fickle Artiste Broke up a Show.

A Band of Texas Cow Boys Raid a Circus, Lasso the Clown and Steal the Principal Female Rider.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Captain Jim Johnson used to run a theatre circuit during the rebellion over the western states, taking out companies and making much money with such plays as the "French Spy," the "Angel of Midnight," the "Wizard Skiff" and the pantomimic repertoire popular at that time. In the course of his wanderings he chanced to become acquainted with a beautiful young girl of Louisville, Ky., named Sadie Millworth. Sadie was stage struck and every time the actors came to town haunted the theatre. But if she was crazy on the show the manager was crazy on her. He offered her marriage and she agreed to elope with him if he would put her on the stage. He paid the ballet master to instruct her in the pantomimic business of the principal parts in the repertoire. Then after she had been under expensive instructions for six months Captain Jim picked a quarrel with his star actress, gave Sadie the cue, she skipped out of town with the company, was married at the next "stand," and took her place as the leading pantomimic artiste of the company. She did well and became a great favorite.

Money was plenty in those times and Captain Jim, infatuated with his child wife, lavished a fortune on her. His happiness lasted just two years.

One day he found that her fancy had changed. She longed to be a circus rider and had eloped with a bare back rider who had lured her away by promising to train her for that arduous profession.

His star gone, Captain Jim's company went to pieces and he took to drink. For a long time he was around Lexington, Ky., as everybody supposed a hopeless wreck, but finally about three years ago there came to town hunting for him a man whom he had befriended when Captain Jim was top of the tree and he was likely to sink into a drunkard's grave. He had come to save his friend and he did.

He had gone to Texas with the money Jim had given him, had invested it in a cattle ranch and was rich. Now he offered his benefactor half of his stock and full partnership and would not take no for an answer. The pair went back together and there Captain Jim became a new man, became healthy and wealthy and wise enough to see the error of his ways.

All went well until the fatal day of March came on. Then an event occurred to mar the harmony of his pastoral life. The circus came to town. It was one of those remnants of the big shows that breaks off and keeps going in a lame way during the winter through the wild regions of the southwest. This party hailed from New Orleans and among their number were a much lauded couple who did a double act in the ring on the two horses—Mlle. Sylvia and Monsieur Bernardine. Captain Jim witnessed the street parade of the show people and recognized among the riders his lost bride Sadie. She was the Mlle. Sylvia and the athletic equestrian beside her was Monsieur Bernardine, the man who had lured her away from the stage to the sawdust ring—from the bosom of an adoring manager to the embrace of a spangled mummer.

Captain Jim, acting on impulse, yanked out his gun, but his cow boy comrades disarmed and restrained him. He was furious but they succeeded in quieting him long enough to tell his story.

When they had heard this they proposed to break up the show and aid him in his vengeance in every way. This was just what he wanted. The night came and Captain Jim was among the audience, with two of his friends to keep him within bounds. The show went on smoothly enough until the great double act of Mlle. Sylvia and Monsieur Bernardine came on. The lady and her companion performed their feats gracefully and the first "turn" over, seated themselves on their sedate steeds and smirked while the clown got off a bulge of ancient jokes.

Just as the laugh was about to come there was a loud whistle heard, followed by a yell and a troop of a dozen cow boys mounted on mustangs broke through the tent and dashed into the ring, yelling and firing their pistols like furies. Captain Jack made one bound and landed on the back of Monsieur Bernardine's horse. Sadie recognizing him gave a wild shriek and crouched on the horse's shoulders in abject terror.

The cow boys lassoed the ring master and the clown and dragged them around the ring and a quarter of a mile away to prevent them interfering in the fight raging on horseback between Captain Jim and the circus man. The audience dispersed in terror and Captain Jim escaped, leaving the rider, his antagonist, terribly wounded. He carried Sadie with him and some say she has been killed by him in his rage in some remote haunt of his gang. At any rate she has disappeared and the circus has been scattered to the four winds, not a vestige being left of its property by the people the next day, when they heard the exaggerated rumors of the provocation that had led up to the terrible row.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

What is Doing in the Churches, and Who the Churchmen are "Doing."

CHARLES L. REILLY, of Philadelphia, a church member in good standing and a bright light in the Young Men's Christian Association, was accused in court, on the 5th inst., of having seduced a handsome young woman named Miss Eva Hickman. She alleges that he promised marriage and then induced her to visit certain houses with him.

GEORGE BRUN, for over twenty years the organist of the Third Presbyterian Church of Newark, and coupon clerk in the Bank of America, in New York City, has made away with \$27,000 of the bank funds. He was discharged on the 5th inst., and his relatives made up the loss. He still plays the music with which the Jersey Presbyterians keep time in their march up the golden stairs.

MISSIONARY HINMAN is busy presenting evidence in the form of Indian affidavits going to show that the bishop who accuses him is not a saint. Among the testimony is the story that the young woman who alleged that the missionary seduced her, attempted on the contrary to seduce the missionary. The ancient Miss West, who is a firm believer in his chastity, alleges that he was awakened one night by feeling some one caressing his bare feet in bed, and found that

it was the seductive (or the alleged seduced) young lady who was smoothing down his bunions. She fell on her knees and begged him not to kill her. He let her off with her life. The moral tone of the maidens of the Santee Agency under missionary influence was very rigid, and don't you forget it.

SAVAGE AND MAIDEN.

How a Reckless Dizzy Blonde Cut Loose and Demoralized a Whole Tribe of Indians.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A straggling band of a dozen blonde troupe has demoralized things in Yankton, Dakota, and the outlying country for a month or two past in a more thorough manner than a parson missionary with the amorous modern improvements could have done. She was Mademoiselle Helene De La Vigne on the stage, and she was the devil off it. Her troupe was working its way across the continent towards San Francisco, where the manager intended to run it through a summer season, and she was hauling in suckers in every town and landing them neatly.

At last she struck a rich miner in Kansas City, and after he had doped the troupe for a week, and poured a fortune in her lap, she agreed to "elope" with him, giving her manager the slip. He had contracts in hand for Indian supplies, and before going on a trip to Europe with the infatuated son of fortune, she insisted that she should accompany him to Yankton and travel through that wild region, to mingle with the romantic red men. The noble red men aforesaid took kindly to her, because with the liberality with which she set up the firewater. It was no uncommon thing to see the dizzy artiste putting a couple of stalwart chiefs through the paces of a "big drunk," and the scandal raised thereby could only be equalled by letting loose a lusty missionary among the Indian maidens. The miner succeeded in dragging his costly darling away to Europe in time to save one whole tribe of Indians from a grand attack of delirium tremens.

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

Guips, Cranks, and Fancies of Venus' Vicious Brat.

ALICE POWELL, a mulatto belle, decided to return home from a dance in Indianapolis on the 28th ult., with a negro named Greene Burnett, a dandy colored barber, giving the shake to her former gallant, Bob Alexander, "only a common teamster." Alexander followed the pair through the streets and attacked his rival with a razor. Then the barber drew a revolver and shot him dead.

AUGUST BRUTTHURST, a German, of Buffalo, N. Y., complained on the 31st ult. that he had been robbed of \$400 by two negroes. It turned out that he was courting a rich German widow whom he had told that he was rich, whereas he was the possessor of all told of only \$4. He had a notion that if he complained of a big loss the authorities would make it good to him, and he might keep his head above water with the sum thus gained until he could marry the widow. It didn't work, though, and he had to abandon the city and the rich widow in a hurry.

HENRY ROSE aroused the suspicions of Thomas Showers, the husband of a pretty woman at Muskegon, Mich. The jealous husband caught his wife and Rose several times in relative positions that gave color to his belief that he was an injured man. He wanted to deal out justice for himself, but his friends deterred him, the law stepped in and took the case in hand. But when Rose had been tried for adultery and acquitted, on the 1st inst., Showers lost patience and shot him and then pounded him with a slingshot until his life was despaired of.

TWO FAMOUS CHAMPIONS.

The Newark Pie Biter and the Wilmington Oyster Swallower Want Matches.

(With Portraits.)

We have received formal challenges from two champions in a gustatory, gastronomic or masticatory line. They are the champion pie eater, David Gastnacker, alias "Nine Tocs," who hails from Trenton, N. J., and Joseph Stewart, of Wilmington, Del., the champion oyster gobbler. These men bar none in their especial lines in the United States or Canada and are ready to contest the championship of the world with anyone who will take up their challenge for any sum of money.

This is all seriousness. Gastnacker claims that he can double six pies and take them in at two bites. Anyone who has an idea of competing with him can form an idea from the accurate portrait we present of him what is the extent of his bite and act accordingly in making a match.

Stewart, the champion oyster eater, on the other hand offers to back himself to eat more bivalves than any man in a given time and does not bar the trick of trying to turn his stomach by dipping them in sugar or roping in spoiled meats on him. He says he has acted on the advice "know thyself." He knows himself to the extent of betting \$25 that he has more capacity of swallow and strength of stomach than any man in Delaware or New York or elsewhere. These challenges are bona fide and the champions are ready to put up their money with any ambitious pie biter or oyster swallowing novice.

AN OLD TEXT ILLUSTRATED.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A big whale, caught off the coast of Massachusetts, is now on exhibition under canvas on a dock near the Fulton Ferry. On Sunday last an itinerant street preacher by some arrangement with the old salts who have charge of the monster, made the body of the fish his platform, and preached to a mixed crowd of street loungers, who could raise an admission fee of ten cents, an original homily on life, present and future, as illustrated by what he called "that biblical animal the whale." He finished his discourse with the story of Jonah and the whale, using a small boy, who was bribed for ten cents to crawl into the mouth of the fish, to prove that infidels who had declared this story, in its original form, altogether too fishy for credence.

"This whale is dead, you see," he continued, "and hasn't got his swaller. You see how easy it is for the boy to crawl in and out of his mouth. Imagine when that whale was alive and had his swaller, how easy that boy would have gone down into the whale's belly. Now then, while you sing I'll take up a collection." Thereupon the audience left in haste, without waiting to be convinced by any more experiments on the "biblical monster."

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

MICHAEL BRENN, aged 80, a farmer living near Schaefferstown, Pa., was found hanging by the neck in his barn on the 30th ult. He had taken a large dose of arsenic as a preliminary to the hanging.

A BUFFALO, N. Y., paper has had to make a retraction and atone up \$3,000, to appease the wrath of Miss Kate McCarthy, a public school teacher of that city, when it stated she was on terms of intimacy with Alder-

JOHN Dr. Joseph Holt, of Chaplin, Ky., boarded in the same house with Bebe Hunter and his young and pretty wife. She delighted in flirting with the doctor whom she led on, and on until he made what she regarded as a shocking proposition to her. Then she told her husband and on the 1st inst. he lay in wait behind a stone wall near the house and shot the amorous doctor through the head, killing him lustily.

CHAS. ATHENS, a showman of Decatur, Ill., who has been suffering from what the doctors call a hardening of the brain, apparently gave up the ghost on the 27th ult. and was laid out by an undertaker. After lying in his coffin two days he sat up in the presence of his watchers, remarked that it was a long time between drinks, got out, shed his shroud, donned his clothes and went to his favorite grocery and set 'em up all around for the boys. His trance seemed to have cured his disease for now he is in perfect health.

A TERRIBLE snowslide occurred at Genoa, Nev., on the 18th ult. Tons of snow and ice rushed down the mountain side at night carrying away a dozen houses with their occupants. When the snow was dug away from the ruins a man named Miner and his wife were found dead in their bed half a mile from the site of their house whither they had been carried by the avalanche. Seven families who had taken refuge in a large government building have disappeared altogether and no trace of the building is to be found.

A YOUNG man named George Henninghouse, who carries the mail between Bullion and Haly, Idaho, had a thrilling adventure on the 6th ult. Mounted on snow shoes he undertook his usual journey but lost his way in the heavy drifts and when night came on found himself bewildered on a high mountain ridge. He thought of resting until morning, when he was suddenly snatched into activity by the howls of wolves and a whole pack came down on him. He rushed off but they came up with him and one snapping at his snow shoe threw him on his face. In his fall the mail bag was flung some distance away and the wolves went for it savagely, tearing it to pieces. Then he got on his feet and reckless of consequences started to slide down the mountain side into the valley. He went at a tremendous rate and the wolves came sliding a few rods after him. When he had glided to the level safely he spun away for the light of a miner's cabin and rushed in the door fainting. The wolves were snapping at his heels but a few firebrands flung among them dispersed the pack.

LAW PRACTICE IN LEADVILLE.

A Lawyer Argues a Case With a Policeman and Shoots Him Dead.

(With Portrait.)

SAMUEL C. TOWNSEND, whose portrait we give in this issue was, up to the 28th ult., one of the most popular officers in Leadville, Col., where, to say the least, "a policeman's lot is not a happy one." On the date named he was shot and killed by a young lawyer named T. C. Early. The officer had quarrelled with the lawyer over a minor case in one of the police courts in which Early had appeared for a prisoner. From this the men got to casting reflections on each other's maternity at every meeting, and during one of these polite interchanges in which their respective alleged canine ancestry formed the burden of the arguments, Early lost his temper, cocked his revolver in his overcoat pocket and fired it without drawing it out. A mob besieged a store where the detectives had taken refuge with their prisoner and searched the house from cellar to garret. The murderer escaped lynching by getting into the coal bin and covering himself with coal. Townsend was 30 years of age, was born in Vermont, and has had a varied experience in the west. He was Sheriff of Rio Grande County, Colorado, two terms, Marshal at Del Norte three years and Marshal at Alamosa, Colorado, one year. There is no certainty that Early will not be lynched yet, as the feeling is very bitter against him.

SAINTS WHO DARED.

Model Citizens Who Have Played their Friends and the World for Suckers.

THE Rev. James W. Hall, the minister of the Zion, colored, Methodist church of New York, on Sundays, and a barber on secular days, was arrested one day last week at the residence of his wife, who said he did not support her in the style due to a parson's wife. He proved that the boot was on the other leg. He provided the food, paid the rent, wrote the sermons, shaved the customers, cooked the meals and did the housework while she bossed the job. She then retaliated by saying that he was trying to make a new fashioned parson of himself, spending his money on fast and living with queer women and making pastoral visits when his male parishioners were away and carrying his evangelization of the word so far that the most of the babies christened for the past two years have resembled him. The case is a veritable colored cause celebre and is expected to result in several divorce suits in fashionable colored circles.

MRS. RICHARD HARRISON committed suicide at Mount View, N. C., on the 2d inst. by administering to herself a double charge of buckshot from a shot gun. She was the mother of a large family and had become so prominent a member of the Baptist church that she got crazy over it, and imagined that she had reached the jumping off place into heaven. So she jumped with the aid of a shot gun. As to where she landed there are no authentic advices at hand.

ROMANCE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

Lillian Russell, Tony Pastor's Prima Donna, Roughly Handled by the Gossips.

MISS Lillian Russell failed to appear at the final rehearsals of the "Mascotte" at Tony Pastor's theatre, N. Y., on the 6th inst. and immediately a rumor was spread by her dear friends that she had eloped with a young man gifted with wealthy parents but sadly lacking in mental endowments. This youngster has been

planning himself for some time as the escort of Alice Burville of D'Oyle Carte's opera troupe and Mlle. Veronika Jarbeau, the former of whom it was said had succeeded in marrying him. The parents of Mr. Howell Osborne, the young man against whom scandal alleges all these things, were said to have paid a large sum to Miss Burville to secure her emigration hence, to England. All parties, including the lady, however, denied these allegations in print. The last affair may be denied in print but even to be said to have taken a promenade through Broadway with so pretty a young woman (albeit she has a husband and child) is the greatest of compliments to a young man of the calibre of young Osborne.

SHE FOUND HIM OUT.

Why a New York Sport Doesn't Go to the Theatre and His Wife Does.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A prominent New York sporting man has just got himself into a peck of trouble through his weakness for the drama. Last season, it seems, he made the acquaintance of a lady well-known in dramatic circles, upon whom he showered favors of a more or less costly nature with a liberal hand. When the company to which she was attached left town, he contrived, from time to time, to meet her at various points, excusing his journeys to his wife upon the plea of business. That estimable lady, all this, possessed of a jealous and suspicious nature, knew the irregular nature of his business and did not doubt that when he was away he was legitimately employed.

A couple of weeks ago, however, her eyes were opened. The company in which her rival was returned to town and opened at one of our playhouses, where the sport's attentions to her were regular and assiduous. One of the members of the company, envious of the favorite's conquest, wrote to her admirer's wife, warning her of what was going on.

The result was that that lady traced her recreant spouse to the theatre the other evening, followed him to her rival's dressing room and was only prevented from creating a supply of sausage meat there by the intervention of the entire corps of stage carpenters. The sport has not been seen about the theatre since, and his friends say he shuts his eyes whenever he passes the showbill. But his wife occupies a box every night, and stares at her discomfited rival from the beginning to the end of the performance, enjoying her revenge by keeping herself constantly before her as a reminder of her loss.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Tender Morsels That Mrs. Grundy and the Tea-Table Gossips Enjoy.

BROTHER William Hepworth, of the First Baptist Church, of Burlington, Kansas, arose in the covenant meeting on the evening of the 2d inst., and attempted to reveal some crookedness on the part of certain male and female members, whereupon the brethren and sisters went for him and fired him out in a demoralized condition. They don't want any purification process there.

DAVID McMILLAN, who killed Rev. Father McCarthy last December in Greenfield, Mass., has been tried for murder and acquitted. McMILLAN was a Protestant, and before his wife married him she had been housekeeper for McCarthy at the parochial residence. He alleges that the priest came between him and his wife and inveigled her away from him. He could not find her for a long time, but at last received a letter from her stating she was at the priest's dwelling, and promising McMILLAN to go to Boston and live with him. She did not keep her promise, so McMILLAN went from Boston to Greenfield and called at the parochial residence. Father McCarthy and Father Purcell, his assistant, met the husband at the door and told him to go away, as his wife did not wish to see him. He retorted and they both set upon and beat him. He ran and they pursued and knocked him down. He then drew a revolver and shot Father McCarthy dead.

A SKELETON HUNTER.

Ghastly Find of a Couple of Woodmen in the Woods near Akron, O.

(Subject of Illustration.)

TWO farm hands near Akron, O., made a discovery in the woods near that town on the 2d inst., that has aroused much unavailing inquiry. They were working for a man named Hilman who had decided to clear out a certain piece of woodland as a grove for picnic parties. The two men were engaged in hauling out the brush and fallen timber. It was found necessary to split up one immense trunk before it could be removed. It had evidently fallen years ago and lain there until half covered with earth and decayed leaves.

When the men began to work on it, however, they found it was hollow, and when it was finally split open there rolled out from its hollow interior the perfect skeleton of a man. With the remains were a rusty rifle, a powder flask and the remains of a buckskin hunting dress.

The man had evidently taken refuge in the hollow tree and had there perished, but this must have been many years ago, and the famed "oldest inhabitant" has not the slightest remembrance of the unfortunate skeleton when he was laden with flesh.

A BIG BUNCO GAME.

Charles Francis Adams Falls into the Hands of Swindlers and is Fleeced.

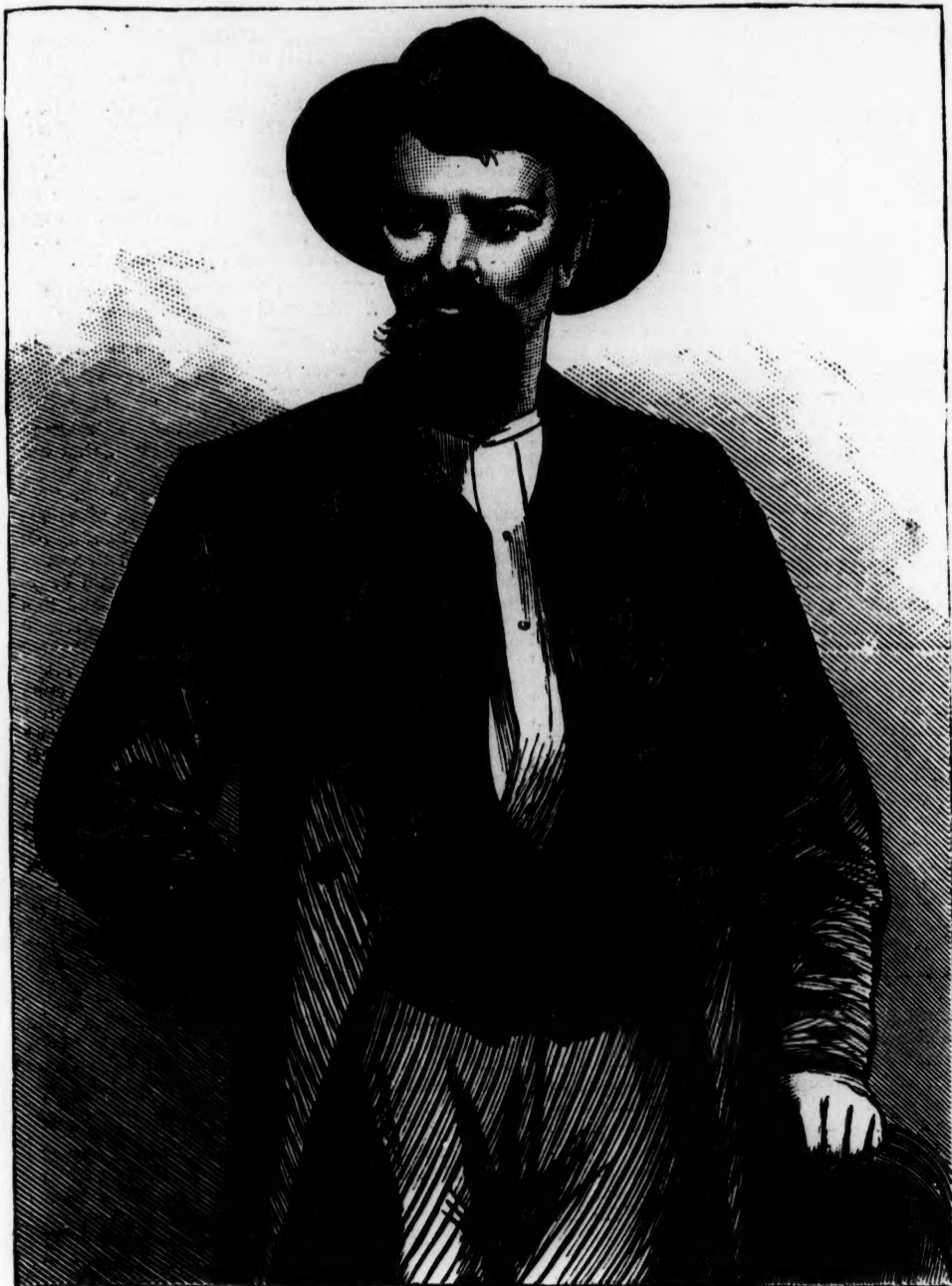
THOSE dreadful bunco men are furnishing a good part of the crooked items to the papers nowadays. Here's their latest. They got hold of poor old Charles Francis Adams in Boston the other day, and not content with fleecing him of all his ready money, got him to endorse three checks for respectively \$17,500, \$1,000, \$250. The old man is a little "off his base," being 76 years old and in poor health. He had \$19,000 in the bank to his credit, and when these checks were negotiated, the bank officers at once notified Mr. Adams' secretary that his account had been overdrawn. The rogues had calculated that his relatives would pay any sum rather than have an exposure.

They reckoned without their host however, for the detectives were put on the track, and arrested one J. S. Morrison on the 10 A. M. train, on the 6th inst., as he was about to leave for New York. He said the money had been won at a gambling game, and he frankly confessed that he did not think Mr. Adams knew what he was doing when he made out the checks. Another of the rogues, a man named Norton, is wanted by the police.



A ROW IN THE RING.

AN ELOPING WIFE JOINS A CIRCUS WITH HER LOVER, AND THE SHOW IS RAIDED IN TEXAS BY THE FURIOUS HUSBAND AND HIS COW-BOY FRIENDS, WHO CARRY OFF THE FAIR EQUESTRIENNE.



JESSE JAMES, THE BANDIT.

KILLED BY HIS PAL, BOB FORD, ON THE 3D INST., AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.
[From a Portrait taken expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]



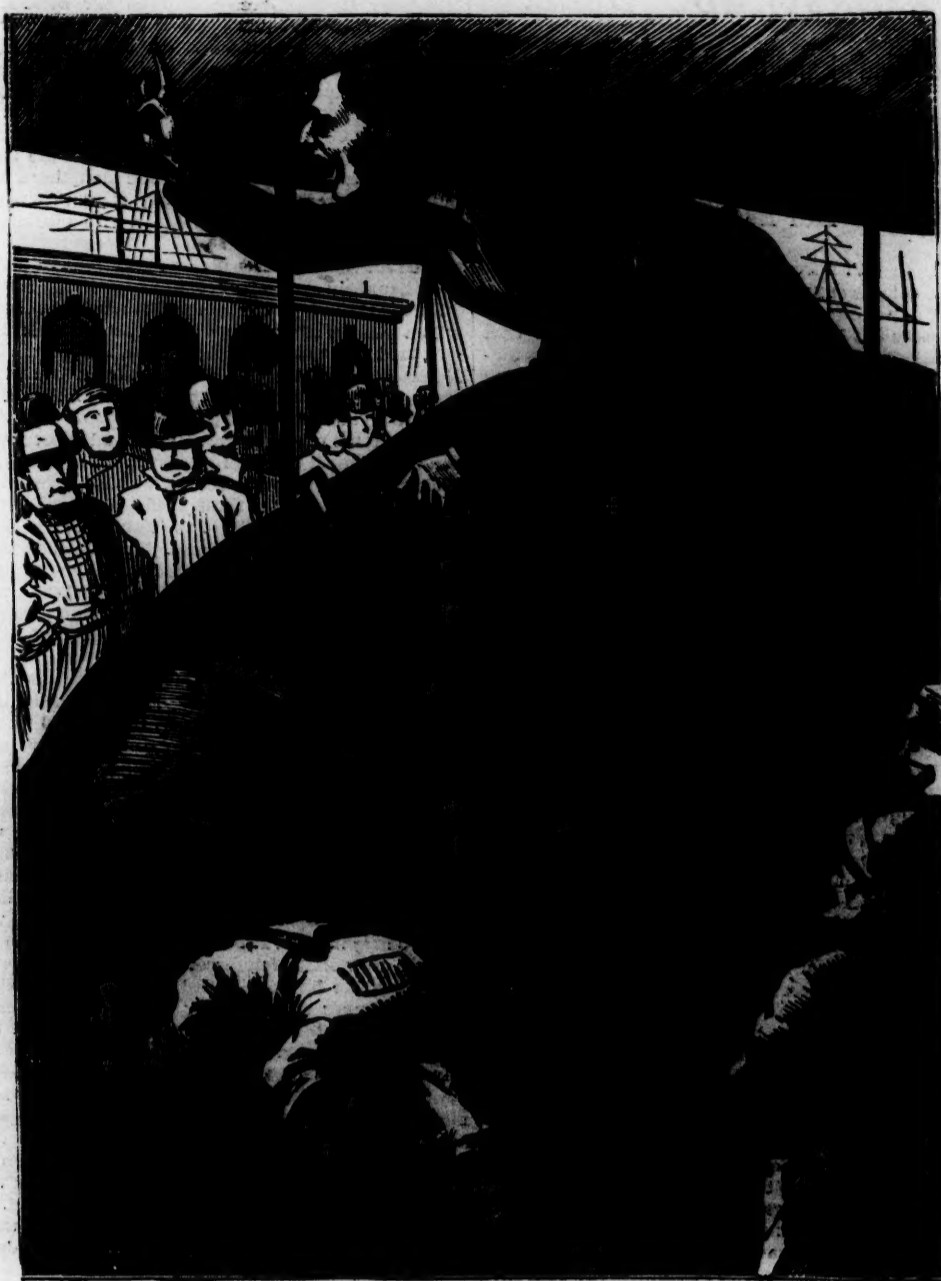
JESSE JAMES' MURDER.

BOB FORD, THE BANDIT'S FRIEND, TREACHEROUSLY SLAYS HIM IN HIS OWN HOUSE,
AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.



A SKELETON HUNTER.

TWO FARM HANDS MAKE A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY WHILE SPLITTING A HOLLOW LOG IN THE WOODS NEAR AKRON, O.



A SERMON ON THE WHALE.

A NEW YORK STREET PREACHER ILLUSTRATES AN OLD TEXT ON AN EAST RIVER PIER, ASSISTED BY DARING STREET URGINGS.



MUSIC HAS CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST.

HOW A FAVORITE SERIO-COMIC MADE A CONQUEST OF BARBARIC SUSCEPTIBILITIES AND HELPED THE NOBLE RED MAN TO PUT DOWN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AT YANCTON, DAKOTA.

A DASTARD'S DEED.

The Bold Bandit, Jesse James, Assassinated by One of His Gang.

The Famed Desperado Shot from Behind by a Man Whom He had Befriended.

[With Portrait and Illustration.]

The citizens of St. Joseph, Mo., were thrown into a great flutter on the 3d inst. by the rumor that the notorious bandit Jesse James had been assassinated that morning by a member of his band in a cottage just outside the town, where he and his wife had lived for some time. With him resided Robert and Chas. Ford, members of his gang. Charles had lived in the shanty since last November but Robert did not arrive from the east until a few days before the tragedy.

On the morning of the 3d inst. the three were preparing to go on one of those raids which have made the name of Jesse James a terror and James and the two Fords were in a room alone with him. The bandit had taken off his pistol belt and had stepped on a chair to brush some dust from a picture. The brothers had determined to kill their friend and get the reward and this was their chance.

They exchanged glances and silently stepped between the pistols and their victim. Both drew their pistols. The click of the hammers fell on the ear of Jesse and he was turning his head evidently to see what caused the warning sound when Robert sent a bullet crashing through his brain. The murdered bandit fell backward without a cry and rolled in his death agony on the floor.

Jesse's wife, who was in the next room, ran in and saw the two brothers scaling the fence and making off. The murdered man breathed his last a few minutes after in her arms.

Some skeptical persons who are aware of Jesse's grim, jocular habit of fixing up a corpse to resemble himself in order that he may get the reward for his own death, as has occurred several times before, are very cautious in receiving this story, although James' wife declares that the body is that of the robber chief and his mother corroborates her statement.

The old lady was very bitter against the men who had betrayed her son, saying that the silver mounted pistol with which the deed had been done was a present to Robert Ford from Jesse. As she was passing out of the court room on the 4th inst. with the two orphan children of the brigand she met Dick Little, whose late confession gave away James, his gang and his henchmen, and presenting the children to him she told them to look at the false friend and betrayer of their father and added many choice recriminations suggested by her frantic grief.

She glared at him with the fury of a tigress. "Traitor! traitor! traitor!" she cried, "God will send vengeance on you. You are the cause of all this. Oh, you villain, I would rather be in my poor boy's place than in yours."

She afterward called on the Fords who were placed in jail for safety after giving themselves up, and had an excited scene with them. Little received a letter from James last week stating that he was doomed and that Jesse would never be content until he had made him a corpse. The coroner's jury found that they had sat upon the body of the real Simon pure Jesse James this time and no doubt.

The Ford brothers claim that they are detectives and that they joined the band and participated with the robber in many of his lawless deeds in order that they might get the dead wood on him and capture him. This proving impracticable after many attempts they finally concluded to kill him and claim the reward. Robert, who did the killing, is a boyish looking young fellow, aged 22, and says that he had an understanding with Gov. Crittenden to do the deed.

Jesse James was the son of a Baptist clergyman of Kentucky and was educated with his younger brother Frank, now reformed and residing respectfully in Texas under an assumed name, at Georgetown College, Ky. In 1896 Rev. Mr. James removed to Clay County, Mo., where he led the life of a farmer in addition to performing duty as a Baptist minister to a small congregation. Jesse James' father died in 1899 and his widow married Dr. Reuben Samuels of Clay County, Missouri. When the war opened Dr. Samuels' house was attacked by Union men and he was severely beaten by the mob. His step sons Jesse and Frank in revenge began a life of lawlessness. They joined Quantrell's guerrillas and were the most fiendish of that entire troop of murderers.

In 1905 the band was broken up by the killing of Quantrell in a fight with United States troops and the James boys returned to their mother's house where they lived peaceably for some time.

But the old spirit of lawless adventure was still in them. In 1898 they met at the Lexington, Ky., races the Younger brothers and George Sheppard, who had been their comrades with Quantrell. On their way home a party of friends visited Russellville, robbed the bank of \$14,000 and fled to Texas.

They turned up again in December, 1909, when they with the Younger brothers and several others of their comrades of the guerrilla band robbed the Gallatin bank and after murdering several men again escaped to their hiding place in Texas.

For a time they lived quietly on the Missouri farm, improving it with their ill-gotten wealth.

In the spring of 1910, however, they and the Youngers got their band of guerrillas together again and made a slashing raid into Iowa. At noonday seven of them rode into the town of Corydon, dismounted at the bank, entered with drawn revolvers, intimidated the cashier, cleaned out the safe, emptied ten thousand dollars into a meal sack and rode away with it. Three months after the two James boys and the four Younger brothers again attended the Kentucky races and in the afternoon rode over to Columbus, cleaned out the bank, shot the cashier and rode away to their hiding place in the Cumberland mountains in safety, although the country was aroused and armed parties were scouting for them everywhere.

The gang lay quiet for a time after this to enjoy their wealth but came to the front again in a startling manner on Sept. 26, 1912. On that date there was an immense attendance at the Missouri state fair at Kansas City, Mo. There were 30,000 people present and among them the James and Younger boys. The money taken in at the gate this one day was enormous in amount and the robbers cast covetous eyes on it.

While a sensational trot was in progress between Ethan Allen and another crack horse and the attention of the vast assemblage was drawn to this event the

bandits rode up to the office of the fair ground and found Mr. Hall, the treasurer of the fair association, counting his money. They covered him with their pistols and seizing the receipts of the day, amounting to \$12,000, galloped away.

They next turned their attention to train robbery. It was in June, 1873, they made their first attempt in this direction at Council Bluffs on the Rock Island road. They took up a rail, throwing the train off the track, killing the engineer and fireman and mangling a number of the passengers. Then they went through the express car and rode off each laden with a fortune in specie, bank bills and gold bricks. A large reward was offered for their apprehension but they found safety in their haunts in the Indian country.

During the following year they amused themselves with a number of profitable stage robberies. In Jan., 1874, the band appeared at Gad's Hill, Mo., on the Iron Mountain road, flagged a train, boarded it and got away with \$11,000 from the express and all the money and loose valuables of the passengers.

This was too much; so the railroad and express companies combined to hunt Jesse down. They engaged Pinkerton, who sent a detachment of detectives to spy on the robbers. One of these, Louis Weicher, a very clever officer, penetrated to the haunts of the gang disguised as a German emigrant. The morning after he had started on his mission his dead body with seven bullet wounds in it was found suspended to a tree. There was pinned on the breast a scrap of paper on which was written "This shall be the fate of all of Pinkerton's detectives who come into Missouri."

This was discouraging but the band of men sent by Pinkerton to do this work were all bold, daring men and were commanded by Louis P. Lull, a good organizer and a desperate fighter. He continued his campaign and finally succeeded in tracking James and the Youngers to the Monigan woods in southwestern Missouri where the bandits were besieged in a log house in which they had taken refuge. A desperate battle was then waged between the detectives and the bandits, as illustrated by our artist on another page. In the course of the fight chief detective Lull was mortally wounded and sheriff Daniels of St. Clair county, Mo., was killed outright. The attack was a failure and the assailants drew off for reinforcements.

The robbers had one killed, John Younger, while James Younger was seriously wounded. The band then escaped to their favorite haunt in Texas and the detectives' campaign was declared a failure.

In Jan., 1875, the detectives hearing that the James boys were at their mother's residence surrounded it at night and before making an assault threw a band grenade into one of the windows. The mother of the robbers had her right hand torn off by the explosion of the shell and her little son by her second husband was killed. The James boys were not at home after all.

At the same time they were robbing a railroad train on the Kansas Pacific road, getting \$25,000 in gold dust. Then in quick succession they cleaned out a bank in Huntington, West Va., and another railroad train, realizing from the express safe on the latter \$15,000 in gold.

On Sept. 7, 1876, the band rode into Northfield, Minn., and took in the bank after their usual style, in broad daylight. The cashier refused to open the vault and Jesse James shot him dead. When the band undertook to get out of the town after this they had a lively fight with the citizens. Two of their number were killed outright and all three of the Youngers were surrounded and captured.

The James boys although also wounded escaped to Dakota. Then the younger thought it time to change his form of life and settle down, but Jesse didn't reform worth a cent. On the contrary he was worse than ever, forming a new band and continuing his raids on the railroads and banks with great profit to himself and terror to the people of Missouri. His doings within the past three years have been fully detailed to the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE. We are assured that this time the bandit is dead beyond a doubt but we should not be at all surprised if he were to send us another letter next week informing us of his continued good health and his willingness to die again and again for the same money reward.

As for the Fords, they are in a ticklish position and likely to be murdered from the most unexpected covert the moment they show themselves.

The train bearing the remains of the bandit in the charge of his mother and a guard furnished by the authorities arrived at Kearney, Mo., at 1 A. M. on the 6th inst. It was met by an immense crowd of curious citizens. The corpse was taken into the Netherland hotel where it was viewed by the throng. The passenger trains passing through the town during the morning were all stopped long enough to allow the passengers to alight and view the body of the famous bandit.

At noon the coffin was borne to the Baptist church and there the funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. J. M. P. Martin. At 1 P. M. the remains were taken to the farm of Mrs. Samuels, four miles distant, for interment. The citizens for many miles around followed the body in a long procession. First came a rough wagon with the corpse, next the family of the deceased, then a troop of mounted officers and last a wagon provided by the authorities for the press. An immense crowd in wagons and on horseback brought up the rear. The pall bearers were Sheriff Timberlake, Deputy Reed, Ben Flanders, Jas. Vaughn, Charles Scott, J. B. Henderson, and J. D. Ford.

The wagon conveying the coffin was nearly upset on the way and two extra ox teams were required to haul it out of the mud. Thousands of people surrounded Mrs. Samuels' house waiting for the procession to arrive. The grave was dug in a corner of the enclosed grounds, forty feet from the house.

Sheriff Timberlake had heard that Frank James would be present to view the remains of his brother and therefore had insisted on being one of the pall bearers, assisted by a strong armed force, with the intention of capturing or killing the surviving bandit.

At the grave Mrs. Samuels turned to the sheriff and said: "Oh, Sheriff Timberlake, can you stand there and see me take my last look at the poor boy whom you have foully murdered? When you get your reward think of me. It is blood money—blood money! Mr. Reed, didn't I beg you to let my poor boy live?"

Timberlake, the armed pall bearer, replied: "Mrs. Samuels, if you are ever in want you know I'll give you my last cent, but I'll never flinch where my duty is concerned."

"Your duty!" exclaimed Mrs. Samuels, "you killed my poor boy for money!"

Mrs. James was very violent against the sheriff and after cursing him fell in a faint at the grave's side as they were lowering the coffin. Mrs. Samuels insisted on the coffin being opened and the remains examined before the interment. She insisted that the hands had been cut off and even when the grave had been covered over expressed her fears that the body would be

mutilated. A solid wall of plank was built over the coffin and then stone was carefully packed in on top of it. Reliefs of armed men watch the grave day and night. Jesse's widow is left penniless. The bandit had large sums of money hidden away but never revealed to her his hiding places. The search for this money through coming years will probably be as popular as the quest for Captain Kid's treasure has been in the east for half a century.

Bob Ford finds himself in a tight place and with difficulties increasing. His disgust is manifest. He says if he had known that he was going to be thrown into jail and treated like a criminal he would never have shot Jesse James. And instead of growing better his outlook is becoming daily darker. News was received in St. Louis on the 6th inst. that the body of Wood Hite, brother of Clarence Hite, now in the penitentiary for participation in the Winston train robbery, was found on the date named at Richmond, Mo. Hite was shot through the head and buried by Bob Ford and Dick Little in a spring near the Ford farm. Both Little and Ford will be tried for the murder.

MIXED FACTS AND FANCIES.

Odds and Ends of News, Gossip and Scandal From All Sources.

CHAS. ROBERT, a German who has only recently arrived in this country and cannot speak English, was arrested in Aurora, Ill., on the 31st ult., charged by his uncle with having outraged a little girl aged five years.

A RUMOR has spread about Nanticoke, Pa., that Mrs. Mills, a white woman, was caught a short time since in amorous dalliance with a good looking mulatto blacksmith of the town who is famous as a guitar player and sweet singer. The lady's husband denied the story but the women folks of the town wouldn't have it. On the 2d inst. a ball was in progress in town, Mrs. Mills entered with her husband and all the women present went for their bonnets and retired in a body. Charley Logan, the mulatto thus honored, says, "If a cream colored nigger can make such a row as this, what could a full blooded nigger do?" And still he strums his guitar and gurgles seductive melodies.

A DANGEROUS lunatic in the Dayton Insane Asylum named Joseph Drummond had a furious spell on the 30th ult. and was thrust into a cell with Daniel O'Connell, a maniac whose insanity was of a mild form. The next morning when the cell was opened it was found that the pair had passed the night in a desperate battle and that the murderous maniac had been killed in self-defense by the milder patient. The corpse was horribly mutilated. The coroner's jury found the officers of the asylum censurable and there the matter ends.

SOME months since a gang of counterfeiters numbering 38, who operated between Knoxville, Tenn., and Cincinnati, Ohio, was surrounded at a rendezvous and captured, only one man succeeding in breaking away and he the leader, John B. Wyatt. This individual was tracked to Texas and captured in that state on the 30th ult. He is said to be the most skillful counterfeiter who has ever operated in this country.

BETWEEN 2 and 3 A. M. on the 31st ult. a band of sixteen vigilants quietly took from the jail at Pueblo, Col., two cattle thieves, W. T. Phoebus and Jay W. McGreen, and hung them to a tree near the building. Leaving their victims hanging the vigilants rode ten miles away to Chastine's rancho, where they made a dash at 3:30 A. M., capturing S. P. Chastine, Berry Chastine and Frank Owsby. Their hands were tied behind their backs and the mounted mob drove them before them to a patch of timber a short distance away where they were hanged without a word of explanation. This leaves only one of the horse thief gang living.

A NICE SORT OF PERSON.

A Pueblo Lover, Cast off by His Mistress, Steals Her Baby and Leaves Town.

A variety woman named Millie Eugene, who does the fire eating business in the Comique at Pueblo, Col., fell in love with a young man named Charles Waterstandt in 1890, who admired her graceful method of bolting live coals and breathing flames so that he sued for the privilege of sharing her lot and having her support him. This Millie undertook to do.

The arrangement was mutually satisfactory for a year but at the expiration of that time Millie began to weaken and tried to shake her lover. He wouldn't have it however and when she flirted with other young men and finally had a baby (a most irregular and unnatural proceeding on her part, according to his ideas) he gave her such a beating that she was invalided for a week. He threatened moreover to kill the child so the mother placed it in care of a nurse in a boarding house in an obscure quarter of the town. One day last week however Waterstandt stole the child and left the town with it. The frantic mother appealed to the authorities but they could make no discoveries. She asserts that her jealous lover has killed the infant, as he has often threatened to do, and has buried it in the woods. Pueblo would not be a healthy place for the fellow to return to but there is no chance that he will return there to face the music of the citizens and the resentment of the fire-eating, flame-breathing woman.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Billings, Coings, Wrangles and Divorces of the Married and the Too-Much Married.

WM. EDWARDS, a good mechanic, came to America a year ago and made money sufficient to send to Wales for his wife Mary and her two children, a boy and a girl aged respectively 11 and 9 years. They came in the steamer Illinois which arrived at Philadelphia, Pa., on the 4th inst., and were to have gone on to meet Edwards at his home in West Newton, Pa. On the ship the woman had become infatuated with a Scotch immigrant named John Lucas and when the ship reached Philadelphia the woman eloped with him, abandoning her two children to the charity of strangers in a strange land. The little ones were taken care of by the Philadelphia police. A fine wife that to send 3,000 miles for.

TOM BROWN of Dexter City, Mo., was caught by his wife one day last January in the room of a Mrs. W. T. Hoffman and attempted to shoot the woman. Brown in attempting to disarm his wife discharged the pistol and the bullet went through her hand. Brown immediately gathered his effects and left town. Hoffman came home and beat his wife and she had him put in jail. Things being thus fixed Mrs. Hoffman sold off all her husband's property at her leisure and departed herself one day last week. She met Brown at a neighboring town and the two started for Texas to begin life anew.

DEEDS OF THE LAWLESS.

Robbers, Desperadoes and Ruffians of all Sorts on the Rampage.

JOSEPH BUCHER, of Crawford, Mich., was divorced from his wife. She called at his house on the 29th ult. to claim the custody of her children, taking with her an old man named Jacob Smi h, aged 63. Bucher pitched her out of doors and beat Smith's skull in with a mallet. Smith was simply trying to act as a peacemaker between the couple.

A YOUNG man named Eugene Chilton made a friendly call on the daughters of Mayor Theo. Edington, of Independence, Mo., on the 29th ult. and passed a sociable evening with the family up to midnight, when as he was about to leave he quarrelled with the old man and drew his pistol on him in the parlor. Edington then got his revolver and returned the fire. Then the visitor left. The next morning his dead body was found in the road a mile from the house. There was a bullet wound in the breast and the man had dropped dead while trying to make his way home.

Two notorious desperadoes, Billy Grounds and Dwey Hunt, who were wanted for cattle stealing, were surrounded while in a ranche near Tombstone, Arizona, on the 29th ult. They rushed out and made a fight against the officers. Hunt shot one deputy, Gillespie, through the head and wounded another, who in turn sent a ball through Hunt's breast, mortally wounding him. Sheriff Breckridge meantime fired a charge of buckshot into Grounds' head and face, killing him. Everyone in the party on either side who was not killed was wounded, so that wagons had to be sent from the town to bring the living and the dead in together.

A HORRIBLE murder at Bluffton, Minn., on the 31st ult. That day Wm. Christy and his friend Harry Stum were enjoying themselves in the village, both having determined to start for the south on the 1 A. M. train. Christy persuaded Stum to go home with him to his house three miles out of town to pass the night. Stum had received a large sum of money and had spent some of it freely with his friend. Instead of taking him home however Christy led his friend to a lonely place in the woods where he murdered and robbed him. He then mounted his horse and fled but was captured next day by a party that had started in pursuit, the body of the murdered man having been found by accident a few hours after the commission of the crime.

A DUEL BY TORCHLIGHT.

A Tennessee Husband Traces His Elopement Wife to a Cave in Alabama and Punishes Her Lover.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An elopement of a Tennessee couple had a weirdly romantic climax on the 26th ult. A well-to-do farmer named Jules Helbron, who lived cosily on his farm some ten miles from Murfreesboro, Tenn., had a young and handsome wife whom he had brought into his household within the past two years to care for his four children. After a fashion lately much in vogue among rich farmers' wives she took a fancy to a handsome young farm hand and on the night of the 23d ult. gathered all her jewels and \$2,000 of her husband's money and eloped with her new love.

The pair were mounted on two fleet horses belonging to Helbron and their course lay in a southwesterly direction. The old man mounted a fleet horse and armed to the teeth started in pursuit. They avoided towns so that they might not be tracked but the husband was close after them and on the night of the 26th ran them down in the mountains of northern Alabama. They took refuge in a cave the approach to which was so narrow that one had to crawl flat on one's stomach for thirty feet to get into a high vaulted apartment encumbered with fantastic stalactites, which was called by the country people the bridal chamber. The husband, nothing daunted, lighted a candle and crawled in with his bowie knife in his teeth.

He found his wife and her lover in the cave, which was lighted by a pine torch. The moment the husband's head appeared the lover fired at it but he was so much disconcerted by the frightened woman clinging to him that all his shots went wide of the mark and the old farmer getting in and meeting him on a fair footing gave him a terrible beating and recovering all his money left the pair insensible in the dark cave. He returned home with all his horses, money and property, saying he was perfectly satisfied to let the man have the woman but he wouldn't agree that they should begin housekeeping with his funds. The pair took a train at Huntsville, Ala., on the 2d ult. bound for Memphis. Both were badly bedraggled. The man was badly bruised and complained of several wounds.

A BUNCH OF HORRORS.

A Five Days' Record of Bloody Crimes and Outrages.

A HACK drove up to a lodging house in Leadville on the night of the 28th ult., and from it alighted a young man who had engaged two rooms there the day before. A very pallid but beautiful young woman was helped up the stairs and put to bed. The young man locked himself in the room with her and allowed no one to enter the apartment except an alleged physician, who came and went in the company of the male lodger himself. Terrible groans were heard issuing from the room nightly, but the young man silenced in queries by stating that his sister was subject to spasms. At the end of a week the room was given up, the young woman was carried down stairs wrapped in shawls, placed in a hack and driven away. The room was found stained with blood on walls and floor, and the watchful boarders of the house protest that the female lodger was a corpse when she was carried out. The police have the case in hand but can get no trace of the mysterious couple.

THERE is a variety theatre in Denver, Col., known as the Tivoli. Last season a negro performer named Mulligan had the management of the stage. This season he was displaced and made only a performer in sketches, while a "champion motto singer" named Arthur Sprague was made "director of amusements." On the night of the 1st inst. the two men had a dispute with Sprague and his wife, a "serio-comic" artist, while he was putting on the burnt cork. Mulligan ventured the statement that Mrs. Sprague was a "bladder," and a "box-ruster," whereupon Sprague drew a knife and stabbed the "burnt cork artist" in the side. He fell to the floor, doctors were sent for, and his life slowly ebbed away while the stage performance was continued only twenty feet from the door of the death chamber. Sprague and his wife were arrested.

THE PRIZE RING.

Still Much Bold Talk and Not a Fight Yet.

A Fizzle, a Wrangle, a Probable Lawsuit and Several New Matches the Record of a Week.

The sloggers and pugs continue to keep prize ring matters booming. Challenges, counter-challenges, prize fights and rumors of prize fights resound on the peaceful atmosphere all around. Since the last 115,000 copies of the POLICE GAZETTE, which is now the recognized organ of the sporting fraternity, were circulated over the country, another important match has been arranged between two noted pugilists. It will be remembered Jim Frawley recently issued a challenge in this paper, backed up with a forfeit, to fight Ed. McGillichey, (the famous boxer and leading sporting man of Bridgeport, Conn.), or Charley Norton, with hard gloves, London Prize Ring rules, for \$500 a side. Frawley proposed if neither of the fighters named would harken to his bold deft, to let it stand as a proposition on his part to dress down to the "Queen's taste" any 135 or 140 pound pugilist in America for the same amount.

At first Frawley's challenge was looked upon with derision, but we tried and succeeded in convincing the middle and light-weight pugilists that he was in earnest and that he would arrange a match if any pugilist covered his money. Charley Norton, who, by the way, is one of the most scientific pugilists in America, agreed to fight him, and with John Styles, of 39 Bowery, a well-known sporting man, called at this office, covered Frawley's money and appointed a time to meet the challenger and his backers to arrange a match. Frawley failed to appear, but appointed another day, Tuesday, April 4. Norton was notified and on the above date a great crowd filled the sporting rooms of the POLICE GAZETTE to witness the pugilists arrange a match.

Norton was accompanied by Tom McAlpine, and among the later arrivals were Jimmy Patterson, Billy Madden, Johnny Saunders, Thomas Sweeney, George Holden, Frank White, Bob Smith and Frank Stevenson. Frawley was accompanied by William Hussey, of Hunter's Point. Norton opened the ball by informing Frawley that he was surprised that he (Frawley) had challenged him to fight at 135 lbs., knowing that his fighting weight was 133 lbs. Frawley said he had not stipulated any weight.

"Well," said McAlpine, "Norton shall be at catch weight if you will confine yourself to 140 lbs."

"No," said Frawley: "I will let Norton fight at any weight but I will not train myself down."

A long discussion followed. Norton finally said: "I will fight you in a month from to-day at catch-weights."

Frawley's backer said that was not time enough, but wanted to make it six weeks.

"Well," said Norton, "That will suit me."

"Who do you want to hold the money?" asked Tom McAlpine; "I propose Wm. H. Borst. We want a man who will give up the money according to the rules of the ring."

Wm. Hussey said Richard K. Fox would suit him. After some talk they agreed on the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE as stakeholder.

Both pugilists mean business, and there is every indication that the battle will take place. Norton will go into training at once under the mentorship of Tom McAlpine, at Williamsburg. Norton will have to allow Frawley several pounds in weight, for the latter will weigh 140 or over, while Charley to be in condition on the day of the fight will have to scale only 133 lbs. The pugilists signed the following:

Articles of Agreement.
Made this fourth day of April, 1892, between James Frawley, of Hunter's Point, Long Island, and Charles Norton, of New York. The said James Frawley and said Charles Norton do hereby agree to fight a fair stand-up fight at catch weights according to the new rules of the London prize ring, with hard gloves, for the sum of five hundred dollars (\$500) a side, within one hundred miles of New York, said fight to take place on Tuesday, May 16, 1892. The man winning the toss to give the opposite party 10 days' notice of the time and place of fighting. The men to be in the ring between the hours of 8 and 10 p.m., the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The expenses of the ropes and stakes to be borne mutually share and share alike. The gate or excursion money to be divided as follows: two-thirds to the winner and one-third to the loser.

In pursuance of this agreement the sum of one hundred dollars is now deposited with William E. Harding, sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who shall be final stakeholder.

The remaining deposits shall be posted as follows: second deposit of two hundred dollars (\$200) a side shall be posted at Wm. H. Borst's Alhambra, in 27th street between the hours of 8 and 9 p.m. Saturday, April 22, 1892.

The third and final deposit of two hundred dollars a side shall be posted at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Saturday, May 6, 1892, between the hours of 3 and 4 p.m. The said deposits must be put up not later than the hours aforesaid and either party failing to make good the amount due at the time and place named shall forfeit the money down. In case of magisterial interference the referee if appointed or the stakeholder if not, shall name the next time and place of meeting, if possible on the same day or in the same week. Either party failing to appear at the time and place specified by that official to lose the battle money.

The stakes not to be given up unless by mutual consent or fairly won or lost by a fight and due notice shall be given both parties of the time and place named. In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names:

CHARLEY NORTON.
JIM FRAWLEY.
Witness:
William Hussey,
Tom McAlpine.

The representatives of Thomas Donahue and Thomas Sweeney met at the POLICE GAZETTE office to know what Richard K. Fox, the final stakeholder, would do in regard to giving up the \$1,000 stakes he held in their match. Sweeney was present, accompanied by his backer, Frank Stevenson, and his trainer, George Holden. Donahue did not appear, but Dick Hollywood, his trainer and representative, was present. Sweeney claimed the stakes, and Richard K. Fox said that Wm. E. Harding, his representative, according to his instructions, had selected a place of fighting between Sunday and Sunday. There was no interference, and

that Donahue failed to appear, although he knew where the place was and had plenty of time to reach the battle ground. Sweeney carried out the programme, stripped and in full ring costume entered the ring as the place and at the time appointed, therefore he should declare Sweeney the winner and award him the stakes at any time he may call for them. Dick Hollywood, on behalf of Donahue, who, it is claimed, has returned to New Haven, protested. Richard K. Fox said it did not matter. Sweeney had proved he intended to fight, and he believed the cause of the fizzle lay through Donahue or his friends, and lawsuit or no lawsuit he should pay the stakes over to Sweeney. The following shows why Donahue did not fight:

NEW YORK, April 10, 1892.
To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

I, George Holden, of England, trainer of Thomas Sweeney, of New Haven, wish to let the public know, that Thomas Donahue went home to New Haven on Friday night, the 31st of March, instead of stopping until the following night, which he should have done as he knew well that he had agreed to meet Sweeney. The reason he went home, as he stated to friends, was that he did not want to get disgraced before marriage, he being engaged to marry a young lady of New Haven shortly. For my own part, I never thought from the first that he intended to fight Sweeney. Now, I, on the part of Sweeney, will find \$300 for him to fight Donahue at any time he may state. An answer to the POLICE GAZETTE office will meet with prompt attention.

GEORGE HOLDEN.
On April 5th, Richard K. Fox received \$300 from Canon City, Col., the final deposit in the prize fight for \$1,000 and the middle-weight championship of Colorado, between Bryne Campbell, of Leadville, and Tom Walling, of Williamsburg, Col. All the stakes, \$500 a side, are now posted with the POLICE GAZETTE, and Richard R. Fox will award them to the winner on receiving a written decision from the referee. The following are the articles of agreement which are to govern the contest:

WILLIAMSBURG, COLO., Feb. 25, 1892.

Articles of Agreement. made this 25th day of February, 1892, between Thomas Walling, of Williamsburg, Colorado, and Bryne Campbell, of Leadville, Colorado, in which the above named parties do agree to fight at catch-weights according to the new rules of the London prize ring, in a twenty-four foot square ring, for five hundred dollars a side; said fight to take place on the 5th day of May, 1892, in Colorado, on the west side of Coal Creek, the principals to enter the ring between the hours of 6 and 8 o'clock a.m., and in case of either of the principals failing to put in an appearance between the stated hours he shall forfeit all money in the stakeholder's hands. And it is agreed that Thomas Walling, having the choice of ground to fight on, he shall furnish the ropes and stakes to erect the ring in which the fight is to take place.

And it is agreed by both parties that Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, or his representative, shall act as final stakeholder.

And that the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side be forwarded to him this 25th day of February, 1892.

And that the remaining two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side shall be forwarded to him on the first day of April, 1892.

And either party failing to put the two hundred and fifty dollars up on that date will forfeit all money then in stakeholder's hands.

And that either the principals or their representatives will meet at Canon City on the first day of April, 1892, between the hours of 12 and 3 p.m. to forward the above named two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) a side to Richard K. Fox, stakeholder.

And it is further agreed that the referee shall be chosen on the ground on the morning of the fight by the principals or their representatives.

And in case of magisterial interference on the day of the fight the referee, if appointed, shall name the next place and date of fighting, and if not appointed, the stakeholder shall have the privilege of naming the date and next place of fighting.

And it is further agreed that the party failing to comply with these articles shall forfeit all money in the stakeholder's hands.

And that Bryne Campbell shall be notified by Thomas Walling, ten days previous to the date of fight, of the location of the ground on which the fight is to take place.

In pursuance of this agreement we do hereby set our hands this 25th day of February, 1892.

Signed, THOS. WALLING,
Witnesses, NOAH YOUNG, B. CAMPBELL,
H. C. CAMERON.

No match has yet been arranged between Jimmy Elliott, the noted heavy-weight pugilist, and John L. Sullivan, the heavy-weight champion. Elliott's \$250 forfeit still remains in this office and we have not received any money from Sullivan; but Billy Madden, his trainer and manager, called on us on the 8th inst. and gave the information that he had posted \$250 with Harry Hill, and requested the POLICE GAZETTE to publish the following:

NEW YORK, April 8, 1892.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: In reply to the offer to James Elliott, who recently posted \$250 with the POLICE GAZETTE and challenged John L. Sullivan, offering to wager \$1,000 that he could not stop him in 4 rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules, or according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, I wish to state that I will bet \$1,000 that Sullivan can beat Elliott in four three-minute rounds privately, no gate money and only five men to be allowed on each side. Harry Hill to select the battle-ground and no one else but the said Hill to know the fighting-ground, and Harry Hill to hold the stakes and to fill the position of referee. Madden wishes to have the match settled in a fair and sportsman-like manner, and have no fizzle.

I will also match Sullivan to fight any man in this country according to the new rules of the London prize ring for \$5,000 a side in four weeks from signing articles, Sullivan to wear gloves and his opponent to use bare knuckles. Or Sullivan will fight Greenfield, Tug Wilson, or any pugilist in England upon the same conditions eight weeks from signing articles, Harry Hill to be referee and to hold the stakes.

This proves that Sullivan means business and is afraid of no man in the world. In regard to the statement Ryan threw the fight with Sullivan for \$10,000 it is absurd. Ryan received one of Sullivan's blows, and imagining that there were three Sullivan's in the ring, immediately caved. I will wager \$2,000 that Ryan did not sell out. His own friends offered me \$4,000 to "fix" Sullivan, in order that his antagonist might win. Roche's reputation as a trainer is dead, and he takes this method of trying to bring it to life again.

BILLY MADDEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JUST OUT

THE MYSTERIES OF MORMONISM.

A full exposure of its secret practices and hidden crimes. By an apostle's wife. Containing revelations of the deadly secrets of the "destroying angels," a complete history of the origin of Mormonism, the Mormon gospel, Mormon polygamy and government, Mormon miracles, the crimes of Mormonism, the Danites, Secrets of the Endowment House, Mormon wives and Mormon husbands, etc. By mail, 30 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street, New York.

H. P., Como, Cal.—Yes.
P. S., Pottsville, Pa.—No.
J. T., Williamsburg, N. Y.—We cannot back you.
W. S. Spalding, Mich.—Grand Central.
Jos. E. B., Bulte Monte.—We are aware of that fact.
S. N., Cleveland, Ohio.—"Bruce" or "Golden Gate."

RALPH, Metcalfe University of Mich.—Will forward a portrait.

W. M., Baltimore, Md.—1. No. 2. There is one in Albany, N. Y.

J. L., Biloxi.—Write to Hamilton Busbey, Turf, Field and Farm.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, San Francisco, Cal.—We do not advertise lotteries.

M. H., Cincinnati, Ohio.—John L. Sullivan is no relation to Yankee Sullivan.

H. W., Greenwich, Conn.—Joe Coburn did set-to years ago with Con Foley.

J. E., White Rock, R. I.—Rowell did win the Astley belt three times in succession.

R. S. A., Boston, Mass.—The two you make and the five for best trump puts you out.

L. S., Baltimore, Md.—We cannot publish your challenge unless you put up a forfeit.

J. J. BRUSH, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Yes. 2. Heenan did hold Sayers on the ropes. 3. No.

D. M. ELROY, New York City.—Mike Donovan's boxing academy is 59 William st., room 17.

J. C., Camden, Pa.—Send \$2 and we will send you a book which will give you all the information.

J. T., New York.—A. wins. A knock down does not end the round unless the three minutes has expired.

T. L. M., Albany, N. Y.—We do not engage peccetrians; find some sporting man in your city to back you.

J. C. U., Tuckahoe.—1. A. loses; Hazael did cover 600 miles. 2. He covered six hundred miles and one lap.

J. N. D., Leadville, Col.—John Donaldson and Bryan Campbell never fought as opponents in the prize ring.

READER, New York.—1. See Answers to Correspondents in last issue. 2. Heenan and Sayers fought April 17, 1890.

P. D., San Jose, Cal.—1. Geo. Littlewood walked 531 miles in 6 days. 2. It is the best 6-day walking score on record.

SULLIVAN, JR., Plano, Ill.—1. Capt. James Dalton did not win the \$50 John L. Sullivan offered at Chicago, Ill. 2. No.

G. W. S., N. Y.—1. Send for the "Life of Hanlan," published by the POLICE GAZETTE; it will give you all the details.

H. W., Stapleton, S. I.—1. Maud S. won \$21,000 last season. 2. Trinket won \$10,000. 3. Mattie Hunter, the pacer, won \$7,900.

Wm. J. H., Yonkers, N. Y.—You should practice and then you can judge for yourself. 2. Send for the "American Athlete."

NOVICE, Denver, Col.—1. Because it is the direct way and the most natural. 2. Young Tom Lane was a left-handed pugilist.

M. H., Lexington, Ky.—1. Lewis Gibson, the English oarsman, was born at Putney, Eng. 2. He weighs 148 lbs. and is 24 years of age.

BENJAMIN HART, Fredericksburg, Pa.—Send on a forfeit of \$50 if you mean business and are eager to fight any middle-weight.

D. S., New Orleans, La.—A champion must accept all bona fide challenges when money is posted to prove the challenger is in earnest.

UNKNOWN, San Francisco, Cal.—1. Yes. 2. See Patay Hogan, the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent in your city, Nos. 1 and 3 Morton st.

C. C., Fort Mead, Dakota Ty.—Wm. Cummings ran a mile in 4m. 16 1/2 s. at Preston, Eng., May 14, 1891, which is the fastest on record.

W. C. M., Denizen, Texas.—1. Received your letter; thank you for item. 2. We recently published Wm. A. Pierson's portrait with sketch.

C. W. HAWKINS, Escudabo, Mich.—You may be the Pendleton unknown but we cannot publish your challenge unless you forward a forfeit.

J. C. F., Pittsburg, Pa.—1. Maud S. trotted a mile in 2:10 1/4 at Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1891. 2. Maud S. was accompanied by a running mate.

D. J. M., Boston, Mass.—The race Chas. Harriman won and covered 530m. at Chicago, Ill., was a heel-and-toe walking match and not a go-as-you-please.

CONSTANT READER, Pullman, Ill.—1. John L. Sullivan stands 5ft. 10 1/2 in. in height and in condition weighs 190 lbs. 2. Five feet 9 1/2 in. in condition weighs 175 lbs.

T. McM., Fort Shaw, Montana.—A pedestrian to walk 1,000 miles in 1,000h. can suit himself unless it is stipulated that he must start at the commencement of each hour.

J. D., Newark, N. J.—1. Tom Sayers was born at Brighton, May 15, 1858. 2. He stood 5ft. 3 1/2 in. in height. 3. His average weight was 164 lbs. 4. He died Nov. 5, 1895.

JOHN ABROSE, Youngstown, Ohio.—1. Ned Donnelly, the pugilist, lives in England. 2. He teaches boxing. 3. He was in this country and did box at Harry Hill's.

H. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Wm. Franks has walked 5 miles in an hour four times. 2. Franks covered 8m. in 50m. 36 1/4 s. at West Brompton, England, on March 13, 1892.

JOHN B., Providence, R. I.—1. John Theurer, of Hamilton, O., has wrestled four public matches. 2. He defeated Scott Hamaway of Baltimore, A. Dunn But-

ler of St. Louis, Robert Simpson, of Mich. and was recently defeated by Wm. Muldoon.

J. P. RYAN, Candelaria, Nev.—1. John McMahon holds the title of collar-and-elbow champion wrestler of the world. 2. He is ready to wrestle any man for that title.

M. W. P. Canyon City, Col.—1. Tom Hyer. 2. Joe Coburn was never defeated in the prize ring. 3. Jimmy Elliott and Joe Coburn never fought in the ring as opponents.

W. H. O. N., Rochester, N. Y.—1. Send for the "Life of John Morrissey." 2. Yes. 3. Poole and Morrissey fought a rough-and-tumble fight on Amos st. dock, July 28, 1854.

H. W., Parker's Landing.—1. Homer Lane, the champion wrestler is in San Francisco Cal. 2. A letter addressed to Patay Hogan, Nos. 1 and 3 Morton st., will find him.

H. M., Parkersburg, Va.—1. Dennis A. Driscoll, of Lynn, Mass., is the champion walker 25 and 50m. 2. On April 15 he is to walk 100m. for \$1,000 against John Meagher, of Boston, Mass.

H. S., Ulica, N. Y.—We do not take any stock in the dog show. 2. Last year you would have to be in the ring to secure a prize. 3. The management do not generally understand their business.

S. J., Watertown, Wis.—1. Ryan and Sullivan fought in a yard in front of the Barnes Hotel at Mississippi City, Feb. 7. 2. Sullivan did not wear gloves; the pugilists fought with bare knuckles. 3. No.

SPORT, Windsor Locks.—1. The patrol represented one of the POLICE GAZETTE police force. 2. They circulate hand bills for the POLICE GAZETTE and fill the position of messenger boys for this journal.

N. D. W., Searles Mound, Ill.—1. Tom Kling, the pugilist is still living; he is one of the leading bookmakers in England. 2. John Morrissey was never defeated in the prize ring. 3. 8ft. 10 1/2 in. in height.

A. V. B., Duke's Centre, Pa.—1. The party who threw 34 could not claim second prize. 2. The parties who threw 37 won both first and second money; the throwing off the tie had nothing to do with it.

H. A. F., Kansas City.—1. Vanderbilt owned Maud S. at that time. 2. He never owned St. Julian. 3. We answer all questions through the POLICE GAZETTE; no answers by mail except on important business.

W. G. W., Glendale, N. Y.—1. The prize fight between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan, the POLICE GAZETTE champion, was fought and decided on the merits of the pugilists. 2. The report that Ryan sold out is false. He was beaten fairly on his merits.

M. H. P., Austin, Texas.—1. Savante is the French style of boxing. 2. Yes, the feet and hands are used in the fight. Professors of Savante claim that the leg and foot should be the principal dependence in the combat and that the arms and hands should only be their agent.

G. S. J. R., St. Louis, Mo.—According to the London prize ring rules half a minute rest is allowed between each round. Pugilists boxing by the Marquis of Queensbury rules are allowed one minute rest. The London prize ring rules differ greatly from the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

M. H., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. Robert Donaldson, the aerial jumper, was born in Tain, Highlands, Scotland. He is 26 years of age, stands 5ft. 7 1/2 in. in height and weighs 134 lbs. He measures 38in. around the chest and 35in. around the waist. 2. He has jumped from High Bridge which is 125ft. in height.

S. F. F. W., Brenham, Texas.—1. Paddy Ryan has only fought twice in the ring. He beat Joe Goss and in turn was beaten by John L. Sullivan. 2. Frank Hart, the colored pedestrian, resides in Boston, Mass. 3. John L. Sullivan has fought two glove fights and one prize fight. Send to this office for his life and battles.

W. H. B., St. Albans, Vt.—1. All wrestlers who do not exceed 140 lbs. will be allowed to compete in the wrestling contests for the POLICE GAZETTE champion light-weight and collar-and-elbow medals. 2. Richard K. Fox, the donor of the trophies, has decided that the medals will be the personal property of the athletes that win them.

R. B. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Wm. J. McLeod, Milton, Me.—The daily scores made by John Ennis and Chas. A. Harriman in the second contest for the Astley belt were: Ennis first day 65, second 78, third 73, fourth 85, fifth 60, sixth 70, total 475m. Harriman first day 100 miles second 84, third 84, fourth 65, fifth 65, sixth 60m., total 450. 2. No record. 3. The "American Athlete."

W. H. B., St. Albans.—1. Richard K. Fox has decided that the POLICE GAZETTE champion medals shall be competed for in one competition. 2. The first competition will be for the boxing champion medals for leather, light, middle and heavy weights, POLICE GAZETTE rules, four rounds, each round to last three minutes with one minute rest. The medals will not have to be competed for three times but the trophy will be the personal property of the winner.

F. O. M., Park City, Utah.—1. Tom Allen and Charley Gallagher fought twice. 2. The first battle was fought at Carroll Island, St. Louis, Nov. 12, 1893, for \$2,000 and the championship of America. Gallagher knocked Tom Allen out of time in the second round after 3 minutes' fighting. 3. Allen and Gallagher fought again for \$2,000 and the championship at Foster Island, St. Louis, August 17, 1893. After twelve rounds were fought the sponge was thrown up from Gallagher's corner but the referee decided the fight a draw. 4. Allen won the fight according to the rules and should have received the stakes.

H. G., Denver, Col., M. W., Leavenworth, C. P., Chicago, and W. S., Montgomery, Ala.—1. The international rifle match is an assured fact, the English team agreeing to shoot at Creedmoor, L. I., in September, while the American team go to England in 1893. 2. The contestants will be limited to men who have been members of the uniformed militia or National Guard of America since September, 1891, the distance being 200, 500 and 600 yards, first stage, and 800, 900 and 1,000 yards second stage. 3. To entitle the marksman to enter the final competitions he must be certified to as having made 152 out of the possible 210 points, viz., 85 in the first stage and 67 in the second stage. 4. At present the weapon which will be used in the match has not been selected and competitors for places are permitted to use any rifle conforming to the accepted rules, militia breech loaders, and now in use at Wimbledon, the wind gauge of course being omitted.

N. B.—All correspondents will please write the name of their town, city and state when they require information. Many neglect this and their questions are consequently not answered.



MINNIE HAUK.

[Photo by Mora.]

Minnie Hauk.

A New York girl by birth, this charming singer and actress has won fame abroad as well as at home as one of the leading lights of legitimate opera of the present generation. During her recent seasons in this country under Manager Mapleson, Miss Hauk has added no little to her laurels. The quality of her voice, aided by the spirit and intelligence of her dramatic methods, combine to establish her at an enviable eminence in the most exacting of professions which she has chosen for her own. Few prima donnas who have come among



G. N. Moon,

DEPUTY SHERIFF OF SILVER CITY, N. M.

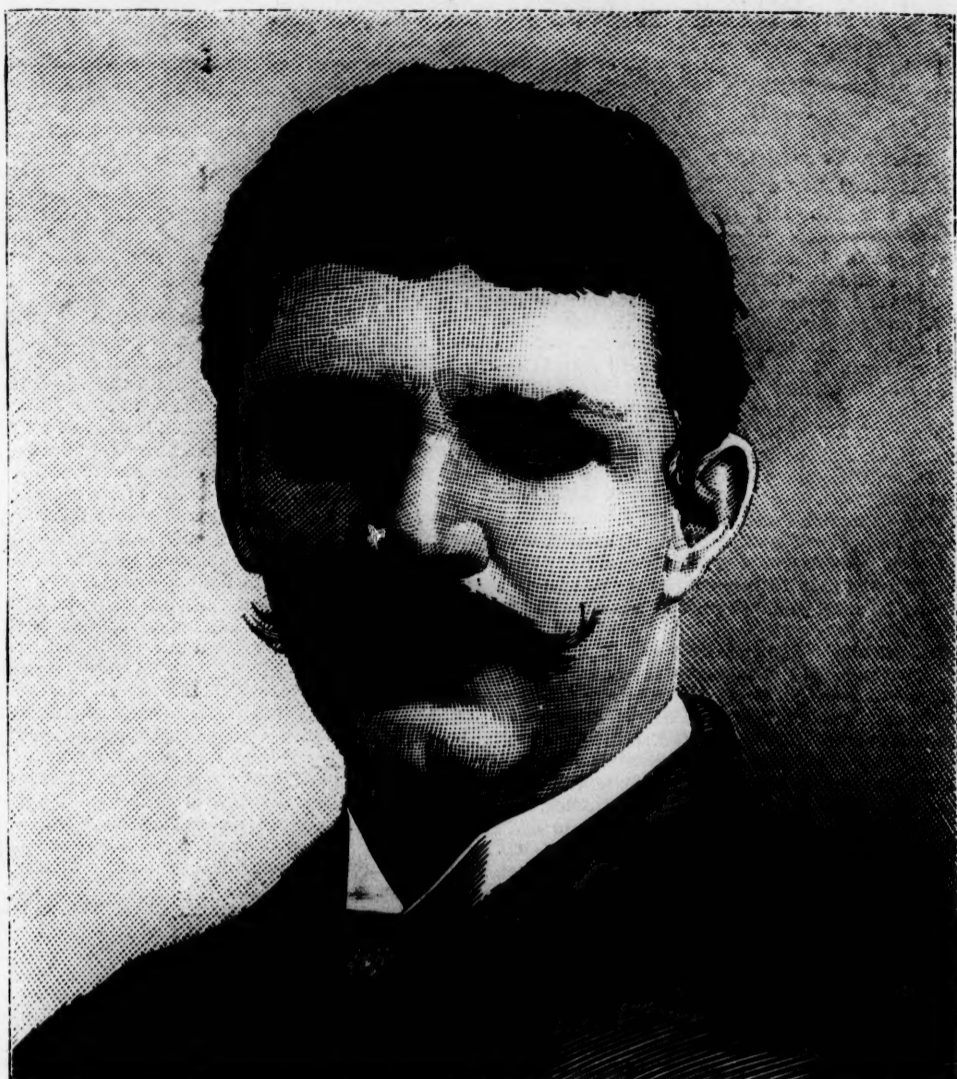
us have gained as many friends, artistically and socially, as this daughter of the metropolis whose name belongs among the distinguished ones of the lyric drama.

Mr. G. N. Moon.

The dangers of holding office in the wild regions of the west and southwest are many, beyond the experience of the office-seekers of more civilized quarters. Lucky is the official who is able to go through his duties there, not only with credit but with life. Such a one, however, is Mr. G. N. Moon, the City Marshal of Silver City, New Mexico. His exploits and hairbreadth escapes would make an interesting romance. One of his principal achievements was the following of a couple of desperadoes through to Arizona and capturing them single-handed, together with the stock they had stolen. Moon is no "slouch" in a fight, and all the lawbreakers know it and give him a wide berth accordingly. One such man is better than a battery of artillery in that wild country.

Eben Plympton.

A Bostonian by birth, this able young actor made his debut upon the stage in California,



EBEN PLYMPTON.

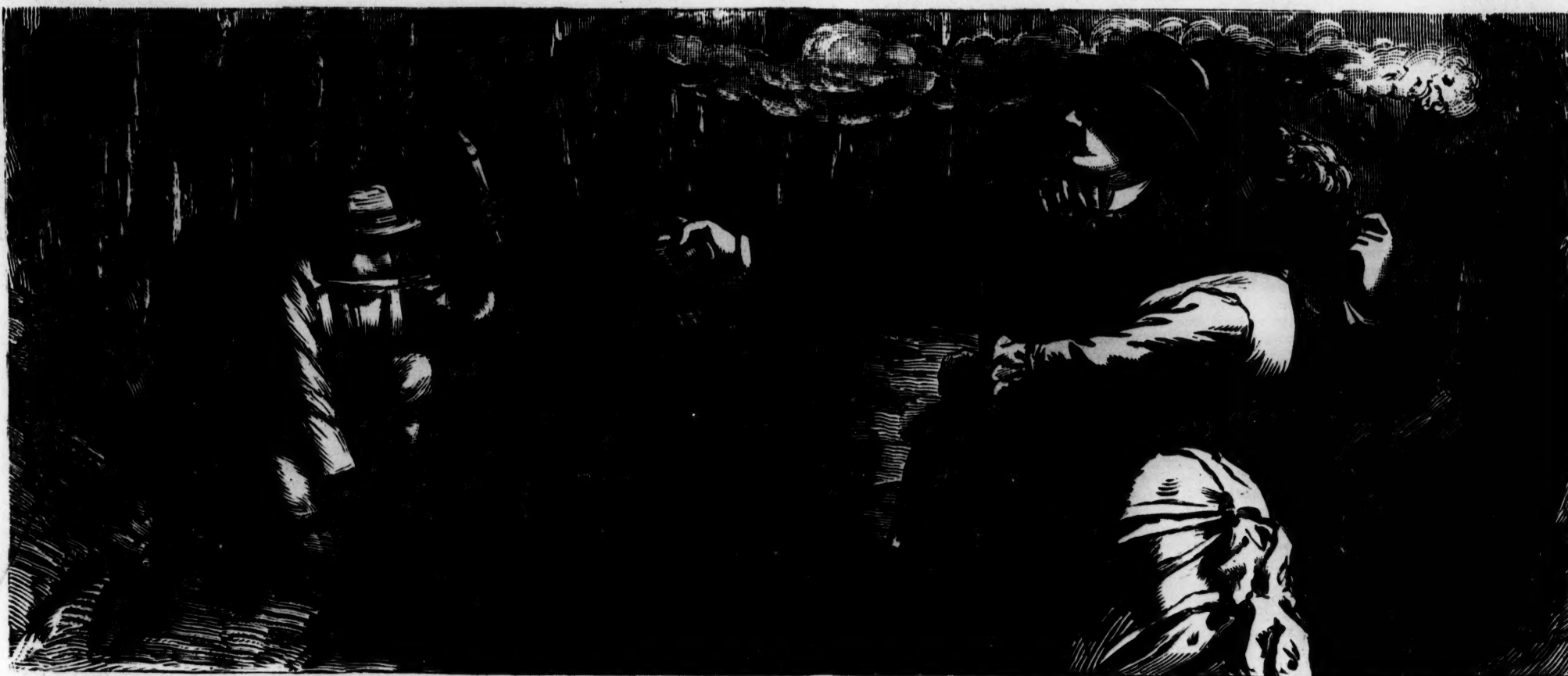
[Photo by Mora.]

whither the pursuit of health had driven him some years ago. He played small parts with success, gradually but steadily advancing until his abilities secured him recognition among the leading men of our stage. His support of Miss Nellson during her last tour of the United States established his position. At present he forms one of the splendid company gathered at the Madison Square Theatre, in this city. As an actor Mr. Plympton is justly regarded among the most promising of the younger members of his profession, and his future is a bright and promising one.



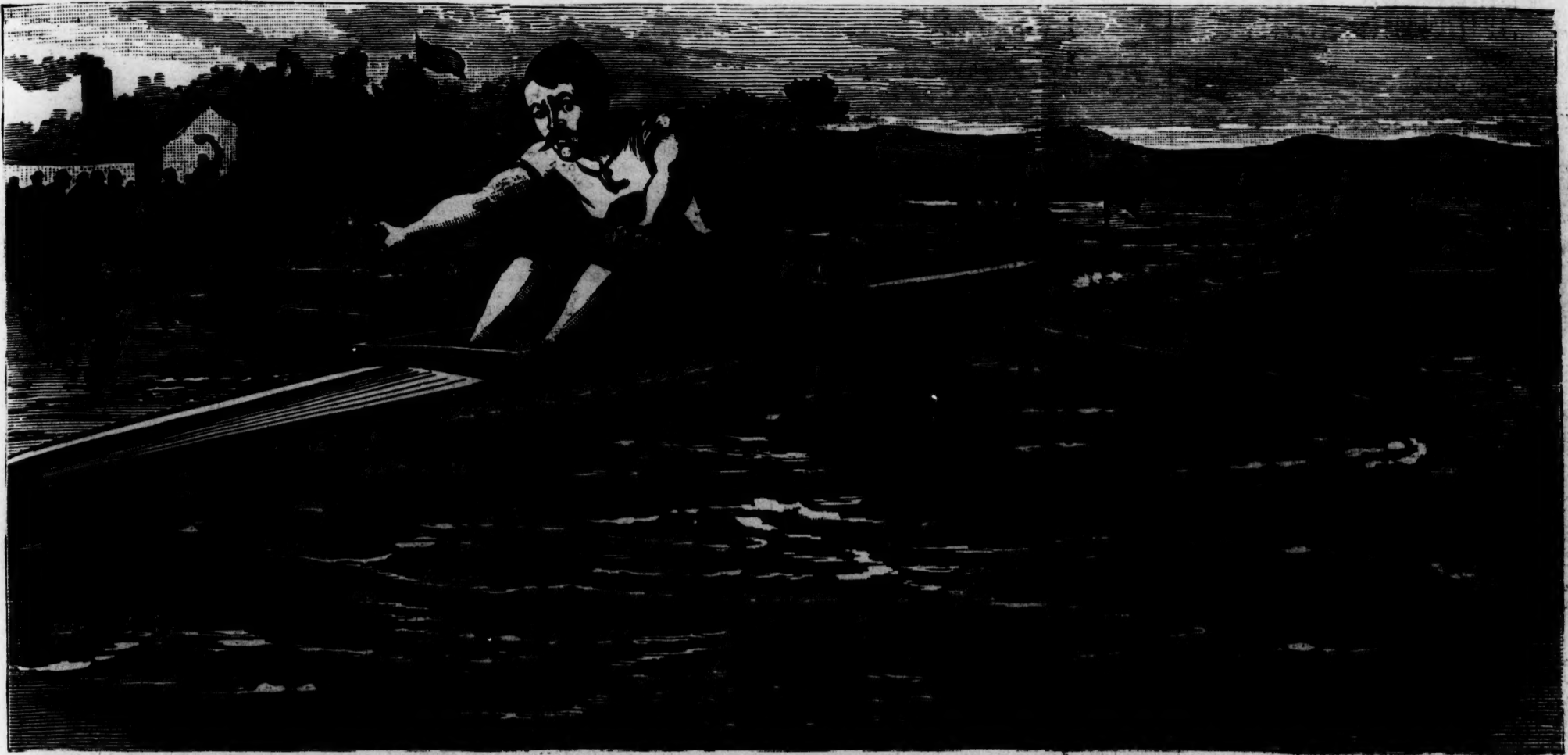
OFFICER SAM'L C. TOWNSEND,

MURDERED BY A LAWYER AT LEADVILLE, COOL.



A DUEL BY TORCHLIGHT.

A DECEIVED HUSBAND PURSUES HIS ELOPING WIFE AND HER LOVER TO THEIR HIDING PLACE IN A CAVE IN NORTHERN ALABAMA, AND ENGAGES IN A DESPERATE FIGHT WITH THE BETRAYER.



ROPED INTO DEFEAT.

HOW A NATATORIAL DAMSEL AIDED HER CHAMPION BY SECRETLY DETAINING HIS ANTAGONIST IN A BOAT RACE AT SAVANNAH, GA.



EDWARD PETERS,
SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR CHILD-MURDER
AT MANSONVILLE, CANADA.

Child Murderers Sentenced.

In November last a seven year old boy who had been adopted by a couple, man and wife, named Edward and Clara Peters, living at Mansonville, Canada, died under circumstances that led to an investigation. It was found that the child had been tortured, roasted on a red-hot stove, compelled to live in filth and finally starved to death. The boy was a town charge and the murderers were paid for keeping him. When these revelations were made the fiendish couple, whose portraits we give in this issue, escaped over the border to Troy, Vt., but were given up to the Canadians. The trial was finished on the 28th ult. Edward Peters was sentenced to be hanged at Sweetsburgh, Canada, on April 28th and his wife goes to the penitentiary for ten years.

Lynched by Vigilantes.

Our readers are acquainted with the details

of the uprising on the 23d ult. of the citizens of Rawlins, Wyoming Ty., against the desperadoes who made the town a sort of headquarters and who were daily growing bolder in their deeds of robbery and lawlessness. A leader among these desperadoes was Captain Jim Lacy, whose portrait we give in this issue, so the vigilantes, unwilling to await the slow processes of the law, hanged him, Bob Red-

An Artful Counterfeiter.

Daniel Rossa, whose portrait we give in this issue, was sentenced on the 30th ult. to six years' hard labor in the Auburn, N. Y., state prison for counterfeiting silver dimes with which for over a year he has been flooding the tills of the small grocery stores in New York and Brooklyn. He was run down through the



MRS. CLARA PETERS,
IMPRISONED FOR CHILD-MURDER, OF MANSONVILLE, CANADA.

work in a little house in a clump of woods at New Utrecht, L. I. Thirty thousand dollars worth of fractional currency was captured with the prisoners at the time, including Rossa's son whose duty it was to roam the woods in a hunting rig and with a shot gun, pretending to be outshooting birds. When anyone approached the house he would discharge the gun to give the inmates warning. Rossa served a term of several years for this offence but as soon as he got out went at the work again. His counterfeiters were passed about in the court room and every one of twenty persons who examined them declared they were genuine. The New York grocers and small shopkeepers have cause to be jubilant that Drummond has relieved their profit and loss account of this incubus.

IDA SMITH, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, couldn't stand a reproof from her mother and took arsenic.



BULLY FOR AH SIN.

HOW A TEXAS CHINAMAN WAS TREATED TO A FREE RIDE, AND THE EQUESTRIAN EXPLOITS OF THE FEMALE MAZEPPAS OF THE STAGE OUTDONE IN REAL LIFE.

dick and Billy Carter, his pals, to a tree in town and then posted up the names of the suspected parties and bad characters, male and female, whom they wished to leave. In twenty-four hours not one of the persons named remained and now Rawlins is purified, is a decent, law-abiding place fit for respectable people to live in.

Intelligence of the secret service officers under the personal direction of Mr. Drummond.

When brought up in the U. S. Circuit Court Judge Benedict recognized the prisoner as an old offender who had been tried on a charge of counterfeiting seventeen years ago. He was then arrested with Ulrich, the counterfeiter, and several others who carried on their



CAPT. JIM LACY,
HANGED BY A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT RAWLINS, WYOMING.



DANIEL ROSSA,
AN ADROIT COUNTERFEITER, CAPTURED IN
BROOKLYN, L. I.

SPORTING NEWS.

GONE TO HIS DOOM!

The Outlaw Brothers, Frank and Jesse James.

The career of these daring highwaymen, whose cruel murders and many crimes have made the mere mention of their names a terror to law-abiding citizens, is full of romance. This is a new and carefully revised edition, containing many novel details and a complete account of the

Killing and Funeral

of Jesse James, the greatest outlaw on the American continent, by his traitorous followers. It is pre-eminently the book of the year. Superbly illustrated with portraits and thirty splendid engravings made by the first artists on the spot. Retail Price, 25c.

BELMONT PARK will hang out \$5,000 in purses for the spring meeting.

THE chestnut gelding Josephus, by Green's Bahaw, record 2:19, will probably be handled by J. H. Phillips, lessee of Suffolk Park, this season.

THE North London Rowing Club of Hammersmith on the Thames has extended an invitation to the Hillsdale crew to make its clubhouse its headquarters.

AT Montana recently Con Orem defeated Frank Mason, of St. Louis, in a glove contest for \$200 a side. Orem knocked Mason out in nine rounds lasting twelve minutes.

AT Bath, Me., on April 1 Christopher Toole, of Bangor, Me., defeated Daniel Brilliant, of Bath, Me. in a 15-mile walking match for \$200. Toole walked the distance in 2h. 25m.

G. S. COZINE, of 417 Union street, Brooklyn, offers to wager \$100 that he can drive more nails in 24 hours than any man living. He states he can drive 2,500 into a white pine plank in 24 hours.

The London Sporting Life says: "Alfred Greenfield, of Birmingham, informs us that it is his intention to sail for America ere long with the view of making a match to fight Sullivan, the American champion."

THOMAS SWEENEY returned to New Haven, Conn., on the 8th inst., finding no prospects of arranging another match with Thos. Donahue. He visited a saloon and was attacked by a gang of Donahue's friends and badly cut and beaten.

ARTHUR HANCOCK, the English champion pedestrian, has gone back to England. He claims there are no prospects of arranging a race in this country, and that there is more money for him in England. He left for Halifax, N. S., last Monday.

THE "Queen's Cup," won by the yacht America, has been presented to the New York Yacht Club. Under the deed of gift it is enjoined that the contests shall be yacht against yacht, but allows the club to select a yacht to defend on the morning of the race.

OLD Bill Tovey, the Methuselah of the prize ring and the pet of the New York and Brooklyn fancy, will be tendered a benefit at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, April 21. Every sporting man should assist in making it a grand success. All the talent will appear.

H. V. BEMIS, of Chicago, Ill., will leave for Europe on May 6. On April 29 he will sell all his great string of trotters and pacers. The horses are Little Brown Jug, Sorrel Dan, Silverton, Fred Douglass, Hardwood, Ned Hunter, Mambrino Sturges and Mambrino Southern.

We have received a communication from Noah Makenson, the noted Philadelphia sporting man, wherein he says if Arthur Haggins will send a forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE office he will match a man to run him 75 or 100 yards or he will arrange both races for any amount he may name. The races to be run in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago. Here is an opportunity for Haggins.

On April 1 James H. Hooking, of Co. B. 12th Regiment, walked a mile in 6m. 28 3/4, at the athletic games of the 13th Regiment N. Y. S. N. Y. The time is said to be correct, and the track, which was thirteen laps to the mile, fully surveyed. Hooking's time is the best on record, and it is only 5 1/2 seconds behind the best professional record—6m. 23s., made by William Perkins.

ALEX. McDANIELS' racing stable for 1882 will be:

Ildirim, br h (aged), by Imp Australian, dam Nannie Butler.

Cridge, ch g (6), by Imp Buckden, dam Ethel Sprague.

Dan Scott, ch g (5), by Report, dam Linda Peyton.

Faith, blk f (4), by Imp Saxon or Moccasin, dam Felicity.

By the latest advices from England we learn that Hanlan defeated Boyd just as easily as he did Hawdon, Elliott, Trickett and Laycock. He rested during the race, washed his face and rowed the three miles 563 yards in 21m. 25s. Boyd was beaten after the first mile was rowed. Boyd's time was 21m. 38s. When Hanlan beat Elliott he rowed the same course in 21m. 15s.

ARTHUR BIRD, of Jeffersonville, N. Y., formerly consul-general of the United States at Port au Prince, Hayti, has finished two large oil paintings of the Ryan and Sullivan prize fight. The pictures are copied from the POLICE GAZETTE illustrations and will make capital saloon or bar room pictures. They are on exhibition in the POLICE GAZETTE's mammoth sporting picture gallery.

On March 22 near London, Eng., E. Harnatty, of Fulham, and Peter Brishin, Clerkenwell, fought according to the rules of the London Prize Ring for £30. Twenty-six rounds were fought in 30m. 28s., when Brishin won. Brishin had for his seconds a Birmingham champion and Jeremiah Massey, whilst his opponent was looked after by Barney and Randall. Brishin stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, weighs 148 pounds and is 26 years of age. Harnatty is 25 years of age, stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighs 132 pounds.

DAN ELDRED, alias Yankee Dan, the well known light-weight who a dozen years ago fought Harry Burts and Charley Welch room "turn ups," and defeated Dick Ladds, Billy McCauley and the unknown Jimmy Tannyhill in the ring, has been located at Toledo, Ill., the past year and as conductor on the L. E. &

W. R. R. on Nov. 25 he fell from his train, injuring his spine so badly that he has been confined to his room three months. He is able to walk around a little but will never recover.

We have received a forfeit of \$25 from Steve Burke, of St. Elmo, Col., with the following challenge: ST. ELMO, COL., April 10, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

I hereby challenge any man in the State of Colorado to fight at 125 pounds, with or without gloves, according to the rules of the London prize ring for from \$100 to \$500, John McKenna preferred. As proof that I mean business I enclose you \$25 forfeit money. This challenge to remain open for three weeks from date of publication.

STEVE BURKE.

WM. JENNINGS, the noted turfman, is training the following horses which comprise his racing stable:

Glenmore ch h (aged), by Imp Glen Athol, dam Lotta.

Smoothwatha b m (4), by Hawatha, dam Rapidan.

Farewell b f (3), by Lisbon, dam Fairy.

Infanta b f (3), by King Alfonso, dam Queen Victoria.

Cordova b g (3), by King Alfonso, dam Crucifix.

Vulcan ch g (3), by Vigil, dam Sallie Farrell.

Farnell b c (2), by Ten Broeck, dam Sallie Farrell.

Ruth Howard b f (2), by Ballinkee, dam Scramble.

Blossom ch f (2), by Ballinkee, dam Rosetta.

Fingall ch c (2), by Lisbon, dam My Lady.

RECENTLY a new athletic organization was formed at the POLICE GAZETTE, and it will hereafter be known as the POLICE GAZETTE American Professional Athletic Association of New York. B. Mendleson was elected President, William E. Harding Treasurer and John Purcell Secretary. The association intend to hold a grand monster athletic meeting at Sulzer's Harlem River Park on May 25. Prizes will be offered for "the all round" athletic games and the following noted experts will compete: Duncan C. Ross, Capt. James Daly, John Lynch. In the wrestling contests Prof. T. Bauer, Edwin Bibby, Duncan C. Ross and Capt. James Daly will compete, while John Hughes, G. C. Noremac, P. J. Fitzgerald and Chas. Price will contend for the ten mile championship.

JAMES LYNCH, of Albany, N. Y., called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on the 11th inst., posted \$50 with the proprietor of this journal and issued the following challenge to Dick Egan, the Troy Terror:

NEW YORK, April 11, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

Please state in your next issue that I am prepared to fight Dick Egan, of Troy, N. Y., at catch weights according to the new rules of the London prize ring, four or six weeks from signing articles, for \$300 or \$1,000 a side. To prove I mean business I have posted \$50 at the POLICE GAZETTE office and will be ready to meet Egan at any time he may name to sign articles of agreement. Should Egan fail to accept this challenge I will match Wm. Drumm to fight Egan on the same terms. This should make Egan prove whether he is anxious to fight or not. Yours, JAMES LYNCH.

RICHARD C. TONER, of No. 36 East Thirteenth street, New York, the champion rat catcher of America, is eager to match himself against any man in America in a rat killing match for \$1,000 and the championship. He has posted \$25 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE and issues the following sweeping challenge:

NEW YORK, April 8, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Having just returned from the west and hearing of a number of so called professional rat catchers springing up in my absence, to show the public that I am the only American rat catcher I now deposit the sum of \$25 in the hands of Richard K. Fox to make a match to catch rats against any of the so called rat catchers for the sum of \$500 a side or as much more as they name.

R. C. TONER.

This is a rare opportunity for a rare and novel match. Toner means business or at least his money talks and if any of the numerous rodent exterminators are eager for a match this is their opportunity.

DUNCAN C. ROSS, the well known Scotch wrestler, forwards the following reply to Edwin Bibby, the English catch-as-catch-can wrestler's challenge:

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 10, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: In reply to Mr. Bibby's card in your last issue permit me to say that my challenge was to wrestle a mixed match, collar-and-elbow, catch-as-catch-can and side hold and if Edwin Bibby, the English champion, is anxious to wrestle me that style all he has to do is to signify so through the POLICE GAZETTE and I will wrestle him for \$500 and as soon as notified will forward to the POLICE GAZETTE office \$100. I have put up several deposits but no one has covered my money. I stand ready to wrestle any one man in America but the match must be contested in this city as I am employed by the military for 3 months to teach fencing and it will be impossible for me to go east, but if Bibby wishes I will wrestle him in Providence, R. I., June 15, 1882.

DUNCAN C. ROSS.

State Army, Louisville, Ky.

We have received the following which explains itself:

CRAWFORDSVILLE, April 3, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I have seen so many bluffs that come from Troy, for instance the challenge from Dick Egan, where he did not put up any forfeit, that I wish to say to the sporting fraternity and Dick Egan that I will wager \$5,000 that John L. Sullivan with hard gloves can whip the said Dick Egan bare handed and in order to make it interesting and get a few bets on the outside will wager as many one hundred dollar bills as he or his friends will fities, up to \$10,000, that Sullivan wins the fight. I will also on the day of the fight wager \$1,000 that Sullivan whips him in less than 20 minutes, \$1,000 more that Sullivan wins first knock down, \$1,000 more that Sullivan wins first blood and \$1,000 more that Egan doesn't knock Sullivan off of his feet during the fight. All of the herein I will do if Mr. Egan or any of his friends will put up a forfeit of \$1,000 in the hands of Richard K. Fox or Harry Hill to give me something to cover.

Yours truly, JOT DAVIS.

THE Metropolitan Base Ball nine will make the Manhattan Polo Grounds their headquarters during the base ball season and every day there will be games between the New York crack nine and League and Collegiate Clubs. The College Clubs will comprise Harvard, Yale and Princeton. The Metropolitan team is made up as follows: Catchers, Charles Ripplaeer formerly with Athletics and New Bedford, and John Clapp, Cleveland. Pitchers, John Doyle, Rose Hills and Metropolitan, John Lynch, Buffalo and Nationals. First base John Reilly, Cincinnati; second base, Terry Larkin, Chicago and Troys, short stop, Jack Nelson,

Worcesters and Athletics; third base, Frank Hutchinson, Chicago and Troys; left field, T. Mansell, Albanians and Nationals; centre field, Steve Brady, Hartford and Metropolitan; right field, Ed. Kennedy, Uticas and Metropolitan. The club will be provided with two uniforms, for practice and for dress. The former will consist of light gray flannel, dark blue stockings, brown leather shoes, and each player will be distinguished by caps of different well-defined colors. The dress suit will be white flannel, and the shirts, which are imported, are Foxhall's colors, white ground with blue small polka dots. The rest of the uniform same as for practice.

JUDGING from the appearance of things there is every prospect of another prize fight between two Brooklyn aspirants for stardom. Recently, Alexander Brown, of the 9th ward, Brooklyn, posted \$35 forfeit with Richard K. Fox at this office, and left the following bold bet to fight Larry Tracey, a rising young candidate for prize ring laurels:

I, Alexander Brown, of the 9th ward, Brooklyn, challenge Leonard Tracey, of the 7th ward of the same city, to fight me with small hard gloves at a date hereafter to be agreed upon, for \$200 a side or more. This forfeit stands good for thirty days, and I will meet Tracey at the POLICE GAZETTE office any day he may name.

ALEXANDER BROWN.

On April 5, John F. Canty, of Brooklyn, accompanied by Larry Tracey and several sporting men, covered Brown's forfeit and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, April 5, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I accept the challenge of Aleck Brown, of Brooklyn, to fight me with hard gloves, and will meet him or his backers at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Friday, April 21, between the hours of 12 and 2 P. M., to sign articles to fight with hard gloves according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring, for \$200 to \$500 a side. To prove I mean business I have posted \$25, the amount Brown posted as forfeit. Yours truly,

LEONARD TRACEY.

We now hold \$50 on behalf of the above match, and judging from the business-like manner in which the pugilists and their backers have opened the ball, we guess there is more fire than smoke in the affair.

RECENTLY, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Richard K. Fox, the stakeholder in the match between Thomas Donahue, of New Haven, Conn., and Tom Sweeney, of Wolverhampton, Eng., paid the \$1,000 stakes to Sweeney and his backer, Frank Stevenson. Donahue's backers threatened to institute legal proceedings for the recovery of their money. Mr. Fox without hesitation gave up the stakes, \$1,000, to Sweeney, saying he deserved the forfeiture of the whole sum to him for having demonstrated his good faith in making the match. Suit or no suit, Mr. Fox said, he would award the money and abide the consequences of what he considered his fair action in the premises. He did not intend to engage in bogus matches or tricks on the public; he held the stakes for a fight and not for a match at wrangling and dodging an adversary. Sweeney had been present on the ground selected and ready to fight for the stakes, while Donahue after due warning of the consequences had voluntarily absented himself. This was child's play and Mr. Fox proposed to demonstrate that he was not the man to connive at any such irregular dealing with the public. He therefore used his full prerogative as stakeholder and awarded the money to Sweeney as his right.

Sweeney after receiving the stakes left at the POLICE GAZETTE office a forfeit of \$100 with the following challenge:

NEW YORK, April 6, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Please state that I am ready to fight any man in America according to the rules of the London prize ring with or without hard gloves, at 145lbs., for \$500 a side. I will meet any pugilist who may be desirous of making a match at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Friday, April 23, to post another \$150 and sign articles.

THOMAS SWEENEY, of Wolverhampton, Eng.

ANOTHER great prize fight has been arranged. Owen Maloney and James Weeden, two noted pugilists of Pittsburg, Pa., have posted \$200 with the POLICE GAZETTE and signed the following articles of agreement:

Articles of Agreement entered into this 3d day of April, 1882, between Owen Maloney and James Weeden, both men of the city of Pittsburg, Pa. The said Owen Maloney and the said James Weeden agree to fight a fair stand up fight according to the new rules of the London prize ring by which the said Owen Maloney and the said James Weeden hereby agree to be bound. The fight to be for the sum of five hundred dollars a side (\$500). The fight to take place in the State of West Virginia. The choice of the battle ground to be tossed for fourteen (14) days before the day of fighting. The fight to take place on Tuesday, June 13, 1882. The men to be in the ring between the hours of five and six o'clock A. M., unless otherwise mutually agreed upon by the principals. In case of magisterial interference the referee or principals themselves to agree to the next time and place of meeting, and on the same day if possible. Each principal to select a man and these two selected men to choose a referee the day before the fight. The decision of the referee to be final and no appeal to be made from said decision. The man absent from the ring on said date and hour to forfeit all the money down. One hundred dollars (\$100) a side is now placed in the hands of Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, as a forfeit. One hundred dollars (\$100) a side to be placed in the hands of said Richard K. Fox (the stakeholder) on Monday, April 10, 1882. One hundred dollars a side to be placed in the hands of said Richard K. Fox on each succeeding Monday till the full amount is deposited in the hands of said Richard K. Fox. The man failing to deposit his money according to said date to forfeit the money deposited at the date of his failure to put up. The ropes and stakes to be paid for share and share alike. The man winning the choice of battle ground to give the other seven days' notice.

Witness: THOMAS MURRAY, for JAMES WEEDEN.

WM. THOMPSON, for OWEN MALONEY.

It is not often that the people of Louisville are galled into seeing such a disgraceful exhibition as was seen at the opera house when it was announced Wm. Muldoon and Duncan C. Ross were to wrestle Graco-Roman for \$300 a side. The house was a little over half full, with the galleries crowded with a howling mob. Many persons did not think it worth while to go to the place as they were not sure but what the solid Muldoon would treat them as he did before—fall to appear. He evidently had everything fixed to suit him however, as he showed up at the proper time. George Knott was chosen referee. Emile Boulier as judge for Muldoon and Frank W. Johnston as judge for Ross. The referee then read the POLICE GAZETTE

rules under which the match was to have been wrestled and which rules Ross named in his acceptance. When the rules were read Muldoon showed the white feather by trying to sneak out of wrestling under the rules agreed upon to some other. Ross claimed that he had agreed to wrestle under the POLICE GAZETTE rules and would not back out. Muldoon then made a short speech to the audience in which he said that the POLICE GAZETTE was not recognized by respectable sporting men and the man who wrote the rules did not know as much about wrestling as a child. Ross foolishly agreed to wrestle Muldoon according to any rules. The New York wrestler then decided to wrestle by rules framed to suit the hippodrome business. The result was that he had everything cut and dried and won the match by them. Muldoon may not think the POLICE GAZETTE a respectable paper but he was hounding around the establishment when he was in New York and was eager to have his picture and record published. Besides Muldoon forgets that when he wanted to go into the saloon business and only had \$100 that he was glad to call on Richard K. Fox to borrow \$500, which he received and only part of which money has been repaid. The POLICE GAZETTE rules of Graco-Roman wrestling were framed by a party who knows just as much about wrestling as Muldoon knows about hippodroming. In a few weeks the Graco-Roman championship medal will be competed for. Edwin Bibby, of Providence, R. I., has offered and will wrestle according to POLICE GAZETTE rules. If Muldoon wants to compete for the trophy he will have to wrestle by the rules governing the trophy. The championship Muldoon owns should belong to Clarence Whistler or Edwin Bibby, for either would defeat Muldoon if a contest was arranged and it was in the programme to have it decided strictly on its merits. We do not believe that Muldoon with one exception ever wrestled a square match in his life. He should be the last man in the world to criticise the rules of a game when he is continually violating them himself.

On the afternoon of the 6th inst., Harry Hill's theatre was packed with sporting men, bankers, brokers, merchants and the upper ten of the sporting world to witness the second contest for the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal for the colored heavy-weight boxing championship of America. The trophy was recently competed for and won by Morris Grant the heavy-weight colored champion of New York. Several noted colored heavy-weights entered to compete against the champion for the trophy, but owing to a misunderstanding only Prof. Charles Hadley, of Bridgeport, Conn., one of the leading boxers of the colored division, and Morris Grant competed.

The conditions governing the trophy are that it shall become the property of the pugilist winning it three times, and that the winner shall deposit \$100 with the donor of the medal to guarantee its safe return when it is to be competed for.

At 5 o'clock P. M., on the 6th inst., Hadley entered the ring erected on the stage and was loudly cheered by a crowd of sporting men who had come all the way from Bridgeport and New Haven, Conn., to see that their champion received fair play. A few minutes later Morris Grant appeared, and loud cheers greeted the tall son of Africa as he entered the arena.

Harry Hill was selected referee and Prof. Frank Whitaker, the champion talker, then introduced the rival champions, at the same time stating that the pugilists would box four rounds according to the Marquis of Queensbury Rules.

As soon as time was called Hadley led off, planting his left heavily on Grant's jaw, the latter countering powerfully. Then it was ding dong all over the ring. Grant tried hard to stem the tide of blows that the Bridgeport pugilist was sending in on him. For three minutes the pugilists fought hard, Hadley having decidedly the better of the round. After resting a minute the rival pugilists again faced the music. Grant, who is taller and heavier than Hadley, looked determined, and it was expected that he would turn the tables in this round, as his friends loudly urged him to do. Both pugilists banged away at each other, and the crowd, overcome with excitement, yelled like fiends. The Bridgeport man at last delivered three or four telling sledge-hammer blows on Grant's face and both closed. The wildest excitement then prevailed, and the referee had all he could do to separate the men, the New Yorker being, by this time, furious and inclined to fight on the rough-and-tumble principle. Finally the pugilists were separated and again they went at it. Hadley getting in first with his left and then with his right on Grant's face which sent him down in a heap. As soon as he got up Hadley rushed at him, giving him no time to recover, and they banged away at each other. Grant, although weak, stuck to his work like a game man until they were ordered by the referee to break away. In the next thirty seconds Hadley drove Grant back through the scenes, where the fighting was fast and furious. On coming in sight Grant was so exhausted that he was hardly able to hold up his hands. Hadley was encouraged by his friends to force the fighting and finish Grant, which he tried to do. Grant, after getting five or six more hard blows, was used up and staggered off the stage.

Godfrey, who had come on from Boston, was then to have boxed Hadley for the medal but he declined and the Bridgeport champion was declared the winner. Hadley will now have to win it twice more and it will be his own property. The next contest for the medal will take place at the Alhambra, Wm. H. Bost's and Ned Mallahan's new Sporting Theatre 27th street, near Sixth avenue.

Prior to the contest for the medal, there was an exciting set-to between George Holden, who wants to fight any 125 pound man in America, and Thomas Sweeney, of New Haven, Conn., who was recently matched against Donahue. Frank Whitaker introduced Sweeney who was a stranger to New York sports, and in the course of his remarks took occasion to say: "I am pleased to state that Richard K. Fox, the stakeholder in Sweeney's match with Donahue, to-day in the face of a threatened lawsuit paid Sweeney the stakes."

The announcement was greeted with applause. Holden and Sweeney then went to work in earnest and made a very interesting and scientific display. Sweeney surprised the audience although he was only under cover. Holden appeared to good advantage and judging from his quick style of hitting he would be a pugilist of his weight in America. Both men sparred four rattling rounds and the audience were under the impression that Donahue had good sense in not meeting Sweeney in the ring. Jimmy Kelly and Jerry Murphy, New York's two favorite boxers, who create a sensation every time they meet then sparred four rounds, also Johnny Saunders and J. Costigan, and Chas. Cooley, the heavy-weight colored boxer and Chas. Fletcher. The latter pair created great merriment.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street New York.



BATTLE WITH A BANDIT

THE LAST AND MOST FURIOUS FIGHT OF JESSE JAMES AND THE YOUNGER BROTHERS, BROUGHT TO BAY AT ONE OF THEIR MISSOURI FOREST HAUNTS BY A STRONG FORCE OF SHERIFFS OFFICERS.